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THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE
LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,

AND ADAPTED TO THE
CHRISTIAN USE AND WORSHIP.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

A NEW EDITION,

IN WHICH THE PSALMS OMITTED BY DR. WATTS, ARE VERSIFIED,
LOCAL PASSAGES ARE ALTERED, AND A NUMBER OF PSALMS
ARE VERSIFIED ANEW, IN PROPER METRES.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

LATE PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

At the request of the General Association of Connecticut.

TO THE PSALMS IS ADDED,

A SELECTION OF HYMNS.

HARTFORD:

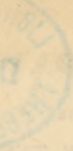
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BY J. WATTS, D.D.

NEW YORK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1857

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

NEW YORK

A BIBLE TRANSLATION

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WHEREAS the Rev. Dr. *Dwight*, was requested by the General Association of the State of Connecticut, that met on the third Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord, 1797, to revise Dr. WATTS's imitation of the Psalms of David, so as to accommodate them to the state of the American churches : and to supply the deficiency of those Psalms which Dr. WATTS had omitted. And having undertaken this service, and made such alterations and additions, gave notice thereof to the Association, at their meeting in the year 1799 ; and the Association wishing the advice and concurrence of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in this important business ; the subscribers were appointed by the above bodies, to meet and examine such alterations and additions ; and accordingly met at Stamford, on the tenth of June, 1800, and having carefully examined them, approve and recommend said version as thus altered and amended, to the use of the churches.

John Rogers, John Smalley, Cyprian Strong, Isaac Lewis, Joseph Strong, Asa Hillyer, jun. Jonathan Freeman : Committee.

WE also recommend to Dr. *Dwight*, to select such Hymns from Dr. *Watts*, Dr. *Doddridge*, and others, and annex them to his edition of the Psalms, as shall furnish the churches with a more extensive system of Psalmody.

JOHN ROGERS,	JOSEPH STRONG,
JOHN SMALLEY,	ASA HILLYER, JUN.
CYPRIAN STRONG,	JONATHAN FREEMAN.
ISAAC LEWIS,	

The above is a true copy of the doings of the committee.

Test, CYPRIAN STRONG, *Scribe.*

*Extract from the Minutes of the General Assembly
of the Presbyterian Church in the United States,
A. D. 1802.*

WHEREAS the Rev. Dr. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, by order of the General Association of Connecticut, has revised the version of the Psalms made by Doctor WATTS, and versified a number omitted by him, and has also made a selection of Hymns from various authors, which, together with the Psalms, are intended to furnish a system of Psalmody for the use of the churches and families; which system has been revised and recommended by a joint committee of the General Assembly and the General Association of Connecticut heretofore appointed, as well as examined and approved by a committee of this Assembly: the said system is hereby cheerfully allowed, in such congregations as may think it for edification to adopt and use the same.

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AFTER the American revolution, it became early the general wish of the churches and congregations in this country, that such passages in Doctor *Watts's* version of the Psalms, as were local, and inapplicable to our own circumstances, might be altered and made to accord with those circumstances. In several succeeding instances, such an alteration has been made. The General Association of this State, however, thought proper, at their session in June, 1797, to request the subscriber to attempt the work anew. To this request they subjoined another ; viz. that he would versify the Psalms omitted by Doctor *Watts*. At the same time, a number of the clergy and laity, of the first respectability, recommended, that an addition should be made to the number of Psalms, versified by Doctor *Watts* in *proper metres*, for the purpose of preventing a too frequent repetition of them in our worship. They also recommended, that a number of Hymns should be annexed to the Psalm-Book, sufficient to complete a system of public Psalmody.

In May, 1798, a motion was made in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, for accomplishing the same general purpose ; but the General Assembly, being informed, that the business had been taken up by the General Association, concluded to postpone any further measures, relative to it, until they should see the issue of the measures adopted in Connecticut. After this work was completed, a joint committee was appointed to examine, on behalf of both these ecclesiastical bodies, the state and character of the work, and finally to approve, or dis-

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approve of it, as they should judge proper. Their decision the reader has already seen on a preceding page.

With the requests and recommendations above mentioned I have endeavoured to comply. Some account of what I have done is due to the public.

In making such alterations in Doctor *Watts's* version, as respected objects merely local, I have, in some instances applied the Psalm, or the passage, to the church at large, or to Christian nations generally; and in others, particularly to our own country. The latter I have done, because every nation, like every individual, feeling its own concerns more than any other, will find various occasions of adapting its praise peculiarly to them.

In altering such passages, as were defective, either in the language or the sentiment, I found two objects claiming my attention—the errors of the press, and those of the writer.

The reverence for Doctor *Watts* is in this country so great, that I shall not be surprised to find myself charged with want of modesty, for suggesting, that he was the subject of such errors. Doctor *Watts* was a man of great eminence for learning, wisdom, and piety; and in usefulness to mankind has had few equals. As a poet, in writing a flowing happy stanza, familiar without vulgarism, and elevated without affectation or obscurity, he has, perhaps, never been excelled. The design of evangelizing the psalms (if I may be allowed the expression) was one of those happy thoughts, which rarely occur, and will give his version a decided superiority over every other, as a vehicle for the praise of Christians.—Still he was not distinguished as a correct writer, and must undoubtedly be charged with some of the errors, found in his psalm-book. A part of those only

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have I attempted to remove. I should have ventured farther, had I not been originally cautioned to make no alterations except those, which should appear to be either absolutely necessary, or plainly important. In these alterations I have aimed to vary as little as might be from my original.

As the editions of *Doctor Watts's* Psalms have been very numerous, both in Great Britain and America, many typographical errors have crept into the modern copies of that work. Those I have carefully endeavoured to correct.

In versifying the Psalms, omitted by *Doctor Watts*, I have followed the free example which he has set. When the reader is informed, that *Doctor Watts* was discouraged from attempting these, I am persuaded, that he will not think the latitude which I have taken, unwarrantable.

In adding to the number of Psalms, versified in several kinds of proper metres, I have generally selected those, which were of frequent use. As the design was to prevent the necessity of singing the existing Psalms of this description, too often, *such* a selection became indispensable. I have not versified any in the metre of the old 50th, because of the incumbrance of the chorus; nor any in that of the 113th, because I thought the number already sufficient.

The Hymns I have selected from various writers, with a design of extending and completing a system of Psalmody. I do not flatter myself, that a divine song will be found here, adapted to every religious subject; yet I hope, there will be no important deficiency. Had I followed my own judgment only, the collection would have been somewhat larger; but I found several judicious divines of opinion, that it would be expedient to make it still less. To the

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Hymns selected, I am persuaded, there will be no objection.

It cannot without weakness, be supposed, that what I have done will meet the universal approbation of those, for whose use this Psalm-Book is intended. The introduction of a Psalm-Book into the use of churches, has ever been attended with difficulties. I have not satisfied myself; it ought, therefore, not to be expected, that I should satisfy others whose judgment must doubtless be more impartial, and less biassed in my favour, than my own. I can only say, that I have intended well.

No doctrine will, I believe, be found in the book, which is not accordant with the general Protestant orthodoxy. In this part of the performance I presume, therefore, I shall not be extensively censured. With respect to the rest, I leave it in the hands of the public, with my sincere wish, and earnest prayer to God, that it may please him to make it a mean of assisting the praise, and promoting the edification and comfort of my fellow Christians.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

NEW-HAVEN, *Aug.* 13, 1800.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
IMITATED
IN THE LANGUAGE
OF
THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM 1. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
 Shall his profession shine ;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust :
 What vain designs they form !
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Among the sons of grace,
 When Christ the judge at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
 His heart approves it well ;
 But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest
 Who shuns the sinner's ways,
 Among their councils never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's place ;
- 2 But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amid the labours of the day,
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root :
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;
 His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find :
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment-seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
 In full assembly meet ?

6 He knows, and he approves
 The way the righteous go :
 But sinners and their works shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way that sinners go,
 Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light
 Among the statutes of the Lord ;
 And spends the wakeful hours of night,
 With pleasure pondering o'er his word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;
 And heaven will shine with kindest beams
 On every work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crost ;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race ;
 The dreadful Judge with stern command,
 Divides him to a different place.
- 6 " Strait is the way my saints have trod,
 " I blest the path and drew it plain ;
 " But you would choose the crooked road ;
 " And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern, Acts
iv. 24, &c.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

1 [**M**AKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things, so long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay,
Jesus, thy holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

4 Rulers and kings agree,
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance :—
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod ;

He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place ;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. Common Metre.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son ?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down ?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below ;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 " I call him my eternal Son,
" And raise him from the dead ;
" I make my holy hill his throne,
" And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmost heathen lands ;
" Thy rod of iron shall destroy
" The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne ;
For if he frown, ye die ;

Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. Long Metre.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
The Romans why their swords employ ?
Against the Lord their powers engage
His dear Anointed to destroy ?
- 2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,
"This man shall never give us laws ;"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd their monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls ;
He'll vex their heart with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 "I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlasting hill,
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still.
- 5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known ;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth ;
"This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of heathen land ;
"To thee the northern isles shall bow."]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke ;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;

Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell ;
He is a God, and ye but dust :
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppress ; or, God our defence from sin
and Satan.*

1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears !
How fast my foes increase !
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heaven ;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes ;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace,
That guarded my repose.]

- 6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
 All arm'd against me stood,
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;
 My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
 While I thy glory sing :
 My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,
 And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His arm alone can save ;
 Blessings attend thy people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 3. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes
 In this weak state of flesh and blood !
 My peace they daily discompose,
 But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
 To thee I rais'd an evening cry ;
 Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
 And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid
 I laid me down, and slept secure ;
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;
 Salvation doth to God belong ;
 He rais'd my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer ; or, God our portion, and Christ our hope.

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,
 Hear and attend when I complain ;

- Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame ;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name ?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
" Who will bestow some earthly good ?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice,
At grace and favours so divine ;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM 4. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,

Great God ! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye :
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray ;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy ;
 While those that in thy mercy trust,
 For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness ; or, diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm ;
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot,
 Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain opprest ;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;
 I waste the night with cries,
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still afflicted more ?
 Mine eyes consum'd with grief ?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thy hand affords relief ?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak ;
 He pities all our groans ;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sovereign word
 Restores our fainting breath ;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6. Long Metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise !
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel ;
 The wounds, thy heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal !
- 3 See how I pass my weary days
 In sighs and groans ; and when 'tis night,
 My bed is water'd with my tears ;
 My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look, how the pow'rs of nature mourn !
 How long, Almighty God, how long ?
 When shall thine hour of grace return ?
 When shall I make thy grace my song ?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
 My thoughts are tempted to despair ;
 But graves can never praise the Lord,
 For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul ;
 And all despairing thoughts depart ;
 My God, who hears my humble moan,
 Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly friend,
 My hope in thee, my God ;
 Rise, and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.

- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend their prey
When no deliverer's near.
- 3 If I indulge in thoughts unjust,
And wish and seek their woe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.
- 4 If there were malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control ;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance to my soul.

PAUSE.

- 6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust ;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just ?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright ;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.
- 8 For me their malice dug a pit,
But there themselves are cast ;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]
- 9 That cruel, persecuting race,
Must feel his dreadful sword ;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. Short Metre.

*God's sovereignty and goodness; and man's dominion over
the creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:
- 3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man! that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
How wond'rous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy power can frame,
A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

PSALM 8. Common Metre.

Christ's condescension, and glorification ; or, God made man.

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great,
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light :
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead, and his pow'r.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
And fish, at his command,
Brought their large shoals to Peter's net
And tribute to his hand.
- 7 These humbler glories of the Son,
Shone thro' the fleshly cloud ;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death ;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name !
 The glories of thy heavenly state,
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8. Ver. 1, 2, Paraphrased.

First Part. Long Metre.

The hosanna of the children ; or, infants praising God.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies,
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
 And thine eternal glories rise,
 O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
 A monument of honour raise ;
 And babes with uninstructed tongue
 Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground ;
 To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
 And all their policy confound.
- 4 Children amid thy temple throng
 To see their great Redeemer's face ;
 The Son of David is their song,
 And young hosannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests,
 In vain their impious cavils bring :
 Revenge sits silent on their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8. Ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first,
 Adam, the offspring of the dust !

- That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below,
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O ! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made ;
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin :
Yet he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
Thou, the great Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest ;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust,
 In thine abundant grace :
 And thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Who executes his threat'ning word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. Ver. 12. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls that mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
 Doth his own children raise :
 In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
 They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
 Into the pit they made ;
 And sinners perish in the net
 That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
 Are thy deep counsels known ;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd,
 The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
 Thy wrath devour the lands
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait, and long complain,

Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor :

Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And men prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder thall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain ;

Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10. Common Metre.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved ; or, pride, atheism, and
oppression punished.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far ?

And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress ?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride

Thy justice and thy power ?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour ?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,

And then insult the poor ;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thy hand,

Attend our humble cry :
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,

And say with foolish pride,

“The God of Heaven will ne'er engage
 “To fight on Zion's side.”

- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord ;
 And powerful is thy hand,
 As when the heathens felt thy sword,
 And perish'd from thy land.
- 7 God will prepare our hearts to pray,
 And bow his ear to hear ;
 He marks whate'er his children say,
 And puts the world in fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just ;
 And mighty sinners shall confess
 They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love,
 Why do my foes insult and cry,
 “Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
 “To distant woods or mountains fly.”
- 2 If government be all destroy'd,
 (That firm foundation of our peace)
 And violence makes justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
- 3 The Lord in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below ;
 To him all mortal things are known,
 His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love, and try their grace,
 What must the bold transgressors fear ?
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,

Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. Long Metre.

The saint's safety and hope in evil times ; or, sins of the tongue complained of, viz : blasphemy, falsehood, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away :
A faithful man amongst us here,
Will scarce be found if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain ;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long ;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 " Yet shall our words be free," they cry ;
" Our tongue shall be control'd by none :
" Where is the Lord will ask us why ;
" Or say, our lips are not our own ?"
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear ;
Not silver, sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
 Defend the holy soul from harm ;
 Though, when the vilest men have power,
 On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general corruption of manners ; or, the
 promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
 Religion loses ground ;
 The sons of violence prevail,
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatterer's part ;
 With fair, deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
 How is their fury stirr'd !
 " Are not our lips our own," they cry,
 " And who shall be our lord ?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,
 Where a vile race of men
 Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
 And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold,
 When faith is hardly to be found,
 And love is waxing cold :
- 6 Is not thy chariot hastening on ?
 Hast thou not given the sign ?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so divine ?

- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
 "And make oppressors flee ;
 "I shall appear to their surprise,
 "And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd,
 Through ages shall endure ;
 The men that in thy truth confide
 Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under desertion ; or, hope in darkness.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
 Like one that seeks his God in vain ?
 Wilt thou thy face for ever hide ?
 Shall I still pray and be deny'd ?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
 As one whom thou regardest not ?
 Still shall my soul thine absence mourn ?
 And still despair of thy return ?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd ?
 And Satan, my malicious foe,
 Rejoice to see me sunk so low ?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
 Before my death conclude my grief ;
 If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
 I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
 If but one praying soul be lost ?
 But I have trusted in thy grace,
 And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
 My God, how long delay ?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays,
 That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain ?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts ;
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield ;
 My soul in safety keep ;
 Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
 Should I become his prey !
 Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head ;
 He knows the terrors of thy look,
 And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung ;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM 14. *First Part.* Common Metre.*By nature all men are sinners.*

- 1 **F**OOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
 " That all religion's vain ;

“ There is no God that reigns on high,
 “ Or minds th’ affairs of men.”

- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
 Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
 Look’d down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same ;
 There’s none that fears his Maker’s hand,
 There’s none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us’d to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease ;
 How swift to mischief are their feet !
 Nor know the paths of peace.
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In every heart are found ;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 ’Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The folly of persecutors.

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,
 That they the saints devour ?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful power ?
- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name ;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?
 And yet our foes deride,

That we should make thy name our trust,
Great God, confound their pride.

- 4 Oh ! that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. Common Metre.

Character of a saint, or a citizen of Zion ; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And, though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 4 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor :
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. Long Metre.

Religion and justice, goodness and truth ; or, duties to God and man ; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?

The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]
- 5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Confession of our poverty ; and saints the best company ;
or, good works profit men, not God.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee ;
But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep ;
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine ;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god ;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;
He for my life hath offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right :
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop ;

Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM 16. 1—3. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Support and counsel from God without merit.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe ;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet, here, thy children to sustain
Shall be my lov'd employ,
Thy children, first and best of men,
My friends, my highest joy.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood, or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
And more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light ;

He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all seeing eye ;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 “ **I** SET the Lord before my face,
“ He bears my courage up ;
“ My heart and tongue their joys express,
“ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
“ Where souls departed are ;
“ Nor quit my body to the grave,
“ To see corruption there.
- 3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
“ And raise me to thy throne ;
“ Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
“ Thy presence joys unknown.”
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain :
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again.
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. Ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.

Portion of saints and sinners ; or, hope and despair in death.

1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17. Long Metre.

The sinner's portion, and saint's hope ; or, the heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs,

- 3 What sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find thee there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM. 18. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

First Part.

The thanksgiving of David for deliverance from his enemies.

Verse 1, 2.

- 1 **T**O heaven let all my sacred passions move,
 My trust, my wonder, gratitude, and love ;
 God is my hope, my strength, my rock, my tower ;
 My shield his favour, and my sword his power ;
 All praise, all love, his high perfections claim ;
 Let endless glory celebrate his name.

Ver. 3, 4, 5.

- 2 Before me death in gloomy terror rose,
 In arms exulting came my banded foes ; [spread,
 Like floods, tempestuous thousands round me
 Roar'd with fierce rage, and billow'd o'er my head ;
 Fear in the front amaz'd my trembling mind,
 And sorrow, death and hell advanc'd behind.

Ver. 6, 7, 8.

3 In deep distress I rais'd my voice on high,
 From heaven he bow'd to hear the humble cry ;
 Then dread convulsions shook the solid ground,
 Wav'd the tall woods, and quak'd the hills around ;
 Forth rush'd a smoky tempest through the skies,
 And round all ether flames began to rise.

Ver. 9, 10, 11.

4 To earth he came ; the heav'ns before him bow'd ;
 Beneath his feet deep midnight stretch'd her shroud ;
 Cherubic hosts his sunbright chariot form ;
 His wings the whirl'dwind, and his path the storm ;
 Around his car thick clouds their curtains spread,
 And wrapp'd the concave in a boundless shade.

Ver. 12, 13.

5 Before his path o'erwhelming splendours came ;
 The clouds dissolv'd ; all nature felt the flame ;
 From his dark throne a voice in thunder broke ;
 The wide world trembled as th' Eternal spoke :
 His foes to vanquish angry blasts conspire,
 Showers of dread hail, and coals of burning fire.

Ver. 14, 15.

6 Thro' the vast void his arrows wing'd their way ;
 His lightnings blaz'd insufferable day ;
 Oppress'd, o'erthrown, or scatter'd on the plain,
 Fled his pale foes, or strew'd the fields with slain ;
 Th' affrighted floods their secret channels show'd,
 And earth's disclos'd foundations own'd her God.

Ver. 16, 17, 19—24.

7 Trembling he snatch'd me from the realms of woe,
 Drew from the pit, and sav'd from every foe :
 Keen were their swords ; and fierce their flaming
 Their souls a furnace, and their rage a fire : [ire,

*But God beheld and saw my bosom clean,
My tongue from falsehood free, my hands from sin.

Ver. 22, 25, 26.

8 His holy word I made my chief delight :
His laws are perfect and his judgments right ;
In him the just a juster God shall find,
Pure to the pure, and to the piteous kind ;
While froward lips, and froward hearts shall see
The rod of vengeance their reward from thee.

Ver. 27, 29, 33.

9 Thy hand shall sink the proud, exalt the poor,
And bid the lamp of joy illume my door,
Train me to war, conduct me to the field,
In peace my glory, and in war my shield : [fly ;
Wing'd by thy power, my feet through thousands
Walls sink beneath me, and proud chieftains die.

Ver. 28, 30, 31.

10 How perfect is thy way, almighty Lord !
Thy name how wond'rous ; how divine thy word !
Thou art the Saviour, thou the God, alone,
The lamp of Zion, and of heaven the sun,
Of lords the Lord, of kings th' eternal King ;
My raptur'd lips thy praise shall ever sing.

** This is spoken in a comparative sense only. David himself teaches us, that neither himself, nor any other man, is strictly clean before God. See Psalm 14 & 51.*

PSALM 18. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

Second Part.

Applied to the American Revolution.

1 **T**O bless the Lord our God, in strains divine,
With thankful hearts, and raptur'd voices
join :

To us what wonders his right hand hath shown !
 Mercies, his chosen tribes have scarcely known !
 Like David blest, begin th' enraptur'd song ;
 Let praise and joy awaken every tongue.

- 2 When, fir'd to rage, against our nation rose
 Chiefs of proud name, and bands of haughty foes,
 He train'd our hosts to fight, with arms array'd,
 With health invigor'd and with bounty fed,
 Gave us his chosen chief our sons to guide,
 Heard every prayer, and every want supply'd.

Ver. 5, 19, 48.

- 3 He gave their armies captive to our hands,
 Or sent them frustrate to their native lands,
 Burst the dark snare, disclos'd the miry pit,
 And led to broad, safe grounds our sliding feet ;
 Bounteous, for us extended regions won,
 The fairest empire spread beneath the sun.

Ver. 18, 35, 39, 43.

- 4 When, dark and threat'ning, civil broils arose,
 Each hope grew dim, and friends were chang'd
 to foes,
 God was our stay, our help, our heavenly shield ;
 His grace preserv'd us, and his arms upheld ;
 Sav'd us from tumults dire, and deep distress,
 Enlarg'd our blessings, and confirm'd our peace.

Ver. 44, 45.

- 5 No more against our land shall strangers rise,
 But fade, and fade beneath avenging skies :
 Pleas'd, the fierce heathen yield to happier sway,
 The groping savage hail the gospel day ;
 Low sink the proud, the sons of blood be slain,
 Nor injur'd Zion lift her cries in vain.

Ver. 49, 50.

- 6 But, O thou Power belov'd ! our shores around
 Be every virtue, every blessing, found,

Here bid thy seasons crown the fruitful plain ;
 Here bid fair peace extend her blissful reign ;
 Let laws, let justice, hold perpetual sway,
 The soul unfetter'd and the conscience free.

- 6 With clearest splendour, here let knowledge shine ;
 Here every glory beam from truth divine ;
 To Jesus' call the soul obsequious bend ;
 Grace from thy Spirit in rich showers descend ;
 Nations each day ascend the bright abode,
 And boundless praise unceasing rise to God.

PSALM 18. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 1--6. 15--18.

Deliverance from despair ; or, temptations overcome.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
 My rock, my tower, my high defence ;
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
 While floods of high temptations rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrows there,
 Which none, but they that feel, can tell,
 While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
 When I could scarce believe him mine ;
 He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;
 Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
 As on a cherub's wing he rode ;
 Awful and bright as lightning shone
 The face of my deliverer, God.

- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath ;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage ;
But Christ, my Lord, is conquerer still
In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour ;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* Ver. 20—26.

Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear :
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face ;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest !
What wars and strugglings in my breast !
But, through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will ;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more !
- 5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward ;

The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they ;
And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM 18. *Third Part.* Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God ; or, salvation and triumph.

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode ;
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell he broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints in Christ, their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore ;
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;

- Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence ;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms ?
The lightning of his spear ?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill ;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
(Though there his name's forgot)
He girded Cyrus with his might,
When Cyrus knew him not.]
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own children's sake ;
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The conqueror's song.

1 **T**HO thine Almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day :

Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers ;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
And they no shelter found !

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God ?

5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest ;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

PSALM 19. Proper Metre. *As the 148th.*

The glory of God seen in Creation.

1 **O** LORD, our Lord most high !
In heaven thy glories shine,
And all this lower sky
Unfolds thy skill divine.
Thy wisdom there,
And power sublime,
Through every clime
Thy works declare.

2 Each day proclaims thy hand
To earth's admiring throng ;
Each night, from land to land
Repeats the solemn song.
The pale moon shines
With silver rays,

And writes thy praise
In fairest lines.

- 3 Like a young bridegroom drest
Comes forth the morning sun,
And, as a champion blest,
Delights his race to run.
O'er seas and isles
His warmth extends ;
To heaven's far ends
His glory smiles.
- 4 Beneath the kindly ray
All nature's realms rejoice ;
All join the solemn lay,
And lift their grateful voice.
'The sea and shore,
'The morn and ev'n,
And earth and heav'n,
Their God adore.
- 5 What though no voice, nor sound,*
Be heard from yonder sky,
A nobler speech is found
By virtue's raptur'd eye.
To God's great hand,
The chorus cries,
Let songs arise
From every land.

PAUSE.

- 6 But fairer splendours beam
From every gospel line,
And teach th' Eternal name
In language more divine.
To humble hearts,
That seek thy face,

* Addison.

Renewing grace
Thy truth imparts.

- 7 How pure thy perfect word !
That lamp to wandering feet ;
What peace thy laws afford !
Thy promises how sweet !
A rich reward
Thy statutes give,
And bid me live,
And serve the Lord.
- 8 Not honey so delights,
Nor heaps of gold refin'd ;
No pleasure so invites
The pure and pious mind.
Her erring thoughts
Teach thou my soul,
And make me whole
From secret faults.
- 9 From each presumptuous way
My wandering feet restrain ;
So shall my life be free
From every fatal stain.
Oh make me see,
Thou God of grace,
My thoughts and ways
Approv'd by thee !

PSALM 19. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The book of nature and scripture.

For a Lord's day morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;

While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;

They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye western lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;

We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;

He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure ;
His truth without deceit ;

His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,

Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,

Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's word most excellent ; or, sincerity and watchfulness.

For a Lord's day morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;

His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin ;
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. Long Metre.

*The book of nature and scripture compared ; or, the glory
and success of the gospel.*

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;

But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
"Till through the world thy truth has run ;
"Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19. Proper Metre. *As the 113th Psalm.*

The book of nature and scripture.

- 1 GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :
There thy rich works of wonders shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there ;
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise

Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need?

- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the East,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God ;
All nature joins to shew thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines,
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,

And from presumptuous sins restrain :
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace
 And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM 20. Long Metre.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry :
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
 Better than shields or brazen walls :
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts :
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts ;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 6 [Oh, may the mem'ry of thy name
 Inspire our armies for the fight !
 Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
 Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ;
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong ;
 'Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. Common Metre.

Rulers are the care of Heaven.

- 1 **O**UR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise
 Shall in thy strength rejoice,
 And, blest with thy salvation, raise
 To heaven their cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round
 Has spread their honours far ;
 And their successful measures crown'd,
 Alike in peace and war.
- 3 Then let them still on God rely,
 For wisdom, and for grace ;
 His mercy shall their wants supply,
 And save our happy race.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
 Shall quake through all their bands ;
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those,
 That hate thy mild commands.
- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just but dreadful doom,
 Shall like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous power declare,
 And thus exalt thy fame ;
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine Almighty name.

PSALM 21. 1—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God, his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
 But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Whate'er he wills thy goodness gives,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings attend him while he lives,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Around his sacred temples shine,
Th' Eternal's uncreated rays;
All power is his, and grace divine,
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and burning coals,
Thy vengeance shall consume his foes,
Thy wrath devour their guilty souls.

PSALM 22. 1—16. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

- 1 **W**HY hath my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn:

“In vain he trusts in God,” they cry,
 “Neglected and forlorn.”

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
 By his almighty word ;
 And since I hung upon the breast,
 My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
 When foes stand threat'ning round,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 And not a helper's found ?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
 The cruel and the proud,
 As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
 As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
 To multiply the smart ;
 They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
 And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet, if thy sovereign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
 Why will my heavenly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well ?

10 My God, if possible it be,
 Withhold this bitter cup :
 But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
 In groans I waste my breath :
 Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
 Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
 And trust it in thine hand ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
 And rise at thy command,

PSALM 22. 20, 21, 27—31. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

- 1 “**N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
 “O Lord, protect thy Son,
 “Nor leave thy darling to engage
 “The powers of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears;
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
 His throne exalted high;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans;
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears of blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.

- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn:
"He rescu'd others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now!"
- 4 Barbarous people! Cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days ;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23. Common Metre.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger, nor a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM 23. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my fol'wing days ;

Nor from thy house will I remove
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race ;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode ?
He that hath hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man, may rise and take
The blessings of his grace :
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal powers,
To meet the Lord, prepare ;
Lift up their everlasting doors ;
The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory ! who can tell
The wonders of his might ?
He rules the nations ; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

PSALM 24. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven ; or, Christ's ascension.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds ;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;

Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean ;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh !
Who can this King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. 1—11. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair :
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

- 3 From the first dawning light,
 'Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth ;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways,
 And every humble sinner find
 The blessings of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame ;
 He pardons (though my guilt be great)
 Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,
 That fears t' offend his God,
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod ?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his covenant show,
 And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
 Are truth and mercy still,
 With such as in his covenant stand,
 And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face ;
 Their seed shall taste the promises
 In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. 15—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

Distress of soul ; or, Backsliding and desertion.

1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;

I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul ;
Bring thy salvation near ;

When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare ?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,

Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod ?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe ;

My spirit languishes ; my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My grief anew begins ;

Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell ;
How cruel is their hate !

Against my life they rise and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,

For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again :

Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26. Long Metre.

Self examination; or, Evidences of grace.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies :
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Among thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. 1—6. First Part. Common Metre.

The church is our delight and safety.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength ; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh, grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may his children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around ;
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer and Hope.

- 1 **S** OON as I heard my Father say,
 “ Ye children, seek my grace,”
 My heart reply'd without delay,
 “ I'll seek my Father's face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God would make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 Thy grace would soon provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 28. Long Metre.

Prayer and praise to God, for deliverance from temptations, and enemies.

- 1 **O** GOD of grace, my cry attend !
 Lest, like the sons guilt become,
 Beguil'd by Satan, I descend
 With hopeless wretches to the tomb.
- 2 To thee my humble sighs arise ;
 My lifted hands wilt thou regard ;
 And let my penitence and cries
 Find in thy house a rich reward.
- 3 Oh, save my soul from shame and sin,
 Nor let my heedless footsteps go,
 Where harden'd wretches swift decline,
 Down the broad way to endless woe.
- 4 While peace their flattering lips proclaim,
 And love profess, and hope impart,
 They blast their neighbour's honest fame,
 And wing their arrows to his heart.
- 5 But, while they plant the secret snare,
 Thy searching eyes their path regard ;
 Thy hands their dreadful doom prepare,
 And mete their guilt its just reward,
- 6 Because their hearts thy works despise,
 Thy works of wisdom, grace and power,
 Thy hands, regardless of their cries,
 Shall sink them, that they rise no more.
- PAUSE.
- 7 Blest be the Lord, who heard my prayer,
 The Lord my shield, my help, my song,
 Who sav'd my soul from sin and fear,
 And tun'd with praise my thankful tongue.
- 8 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 By foes beset, of death afraid,

My spirit trusted in his grace,
And sought and found his heavenly aid.

9 O blest Redeemer of mankind !

Thy shield, thy saving strength, shall be
The shield, the strength, of every mind,
That loves thy name, and trusts in thee.

10 Redeemer, Lord, thy chosen seed ;

Israel defend from guilt and woe ;
Thy flock in richest pastures feed,
And guard their steps from every foe.

11 Zion exalt, her cause maintain,

With peace and joy her courts surround ;
In showers let endless blessings rain,
And saints eternal praise resound.

PSALM 28. Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for deliverance from evil companions.

1 **T**O thee, my King, my God of grace,

I lift my humble cry ;
Let not my poor, desponding soul
With impious wretches die.

2 Withdraw me from the path of guilt,

Nor let my soul be join'd
With men of violence and fraud,
Th' unthankful and unkind.

3 With honey'd lips, and guileful tongue,

They charm the wretch astray,
And lure his heedless feet to death,
Along the flow'ry way.

4 For me they dug the secret pit,

And form'd the hidden snare ;
Thoughtless, I follow'd where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

5 My heart with agonizing prayer

Besought the Lord to save ;

- Unseen, he seiz'd my trembling hand,
 And brought me from the grave.
- 6 He broke the charm, which drew my feet
 To darkness and the dead ;
 From lips profane, and tongues impure,
 With quiv'ring steps I fled.
- 7 Homeward I flew to find my God,
 And seek his face divine,
 Restor'd to peace, to hope, to life,
 To Zion's friends, and mine.
- 8 My lips thy wond'rous works shall sing,
 My heart adore thy grace ;
 Henceforth be love my sweet employ,
 And all my pleasure praise.

PSALM 29. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power ;
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Over the ocean and the land ;
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around ;
 The fearful hart, the frightened hind,
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And lo ! the stately cedars break ;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 And valleys roar, and deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
 The Thunderer reigns for ever king ;

But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

- 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts :
Amid the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 29. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **Y**E chiefs, and kings, to God your voices raise,
To him ascribe the glory, power, and praise,
The grateful incense of a contrite mind,
With truth enlighten'd, and by grace refin'd :
Jehovah speaks ; through heaven his terrors roll,
And the vast concave shakes from pole to pole.
- 2 O'er the dark world, when clouds the sky deform,
His car the whirlwind, and his throne the storm,
His voice is heard ; astonish'd at the sound,
Old ocean trembles to his farthest bound :
The hard rocks clave ; the hills in homage nod ;
And the touch'd earth proclaims the present God.
- 3 See groves of cedars lifted to the sky
Rent by the flaming blast in ruin lie !
Proud Lebanon, with deep convulsions riv'n,
Bends his high cliffs, and owns the voice of heav'n ;
Sad Sirion leaps ; his deep foundations shake ;
The valleys heave ; the howling deserts quake.
- 4 There sink the blasted pines, their honours lost ;
There oaks majestic bow their heads in dust ;
The wasted forest opes its dark abodes,
Shorn all its glories, prostrate all its woods ;
Anew the lightnings blaze, the thunders roar,
And shrinking mortals tremble and adore.
- 5 In awful grandeur o'er the boundless flood,
Thus thron'd in clouds, the God of thunders rode

Dreadful to guilt he reigns for ever king,
 While saints his milder face behold and sing ;
 With gentlest voice he bids their terrors cease,
 And 'mid the tempest charms their hearts to peace.

PSALM 30. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
 At thy command diseases fly ;
 Who but a God can speak, and save
 From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
 And tell how large his goodness is ;
 Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
 While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
 His love is life and length of days ;
 Though grief and tears the night employ,
 The morning-star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. Ver. 6. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 " Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;
 Soon as thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
 " What canst thou profit by my blood ?
 " Deep in the dust can I declare
 " Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
 "And bring me from among the dead ;"
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Deliverance from death.

- 1 **I**NTO thy hands, O God of truth,
 My spirit I commit ;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife ;
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
 "Though I draw near the dust :"
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 Oh, make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
 "I must despair and die,

“ I am cut off before thine eyes ;”
 But thou hast heard my cry.]

- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free !
 How wond'rous is thy grace,
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promises !
- 7 Oh, love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud ;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. 7, 13, 19—21. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my help, my trust ;
 Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 “ My life is spent with grief,” I cry'd,
 “ My years consum'd in groans,
 “ My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
 “ And sorrow wastes my bones.”
- 3 Among mine enemies, my name
 Was a mere proverb grown ;
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side
 Siez'd and beset me round,
 I to the throne of grace apply'd,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men !
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boastings vain !

- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell ;
 No fenced city wall'd and bar'd
 Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the festering wound ;
 'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. Common Metre.

Free pardon and sincere obedience ; or, Confession and forgiveness.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean.

- 2 Happy beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts;
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray,
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise; our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification and sanctification.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,

With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess ;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat :
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear ;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;

- His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread ;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
The spacious world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence ;

But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread ;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm. *First Part.*

Proper Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice ;
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread ;
How wide they shine from north to south !
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas ;
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep !
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :

Vain are their thoughts, and weak their hands ;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. As the 113 Psalm. *Second Part.*

Proper Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church, his earthly throne :
 His eye the heathen world surveys,
 He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways ;
 But God, their Maker, is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast ;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed, or courage of a horse,
 To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
 Doth more secure defence afford,
 When death or dangers threat'ning stand ;
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,
 When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,
 Send us salvation from thy throne ;
 We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's care of the saints ; or, deliverance by prayer.

- 1 **L** ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :

My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me :
Come, let us all exalt his name ;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine ;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord :
Oh, fear and love Him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood ;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34. 11—22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Religious education ; or, instructions of piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state ;
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit,

- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God, with his grace, is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
While they in praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34. 1—10. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all his ways !
Ye humble souls that us'd to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing, to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes :
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.
- PAUSE.
- 5 [O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,

And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Where'er his children dwell ;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
Nor earthly tongue can tell.]

7 Oh, love the Lord, ye saints of his,
His eye regards the just ;
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust !

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood :
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.

PSALM 34. 11—22. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Exhortations to peace and holiness.

1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation like a flood
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeems their souls.

PSALM 35. 1—9. *First Part.* Common Metre.

*Prayer and faith of persecuted saints ; or, Imprecations
 mixed with charity.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,
 With all the sons of strife ;
 And fight against the men of blood,
 Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
 Lift thine avenging rod ;
 But to my soul in mercy say,
 " I am thy Saviour God."
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
 And nets of mischief spread ;
 Plunge the destroyers in the pit
 That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
 And slippery be their ground ;
 Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
 And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly, like chaff before the wind,
 Before thine angry breath ;
 The angel of the Lord behind
 Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell ;
 Then must the rebels die,
 Whose malice is implacable
 Against the Lord on high.

- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few
 Amongst that impious race,
 Divide them from the bloody crew,
 By thy surprising grace.
- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
 To make thy wonders known ;
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35. 12—14, &c. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*Love to enemies ; or, the love of Christ to sinners typified
 in David.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love
 That holy David shows :
 Mark how his tender bowels move
 For his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart ;
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead !
 And fasting, mortified his soul,
 While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ the Lord appears ;
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears !
- 6 He the true David, Israel's King,
 Blest and belov'd of God,
 To save us rebels dead in sin,
 Paid his own dearest blood !

PSALM 36. 5—9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God ; or, General providence and special grace.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

Practical Atheism exposed ; or, the being and attributes of God asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“ Their thoughts believe there's none.”

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
 (Whate'er their lips profess)
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,
 Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes !
 But there's a hast'ning hour,
 When they shall see with sore surprise
 The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Though mountains melt away ;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heavens' created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
 Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created lights decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36. 1—7. Short Metre.

*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God ; or,
 Practical Atheism exposed.*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,

“ He hath no faith of God within,
 “ Nor fear before his eyes.”

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
 In a self-flattering dream,

'Till his dark crimes at once, reveal'd,
 Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul ;
 His words are smooth and fair ;

Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
 And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
 New mischiefs to fulfil :

He sets his heart, his hand, his head,
 To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
 Though men renounce his fear ;

His justice, hid behind the cloud,
 Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
 In heaven his mercies dwell ;

Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
 His anger burs to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
 Whence all our safety springs !

Oh, never let my soul remove
 From underneath his wings.

PSALM 37. 1—15. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief ; or, The rewards of the righteous and the wicked ; or, The world's hatred, and the saint's patience.

1 **W**HY should I vex my soul and fret
 To see the wicked rise ?

Or envy sinners waxing great,
 By violence and lies ?

- 2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades ;
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known ;
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven ;
True riches with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.
- PAUSE.
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.
- 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam ;
The Lord derides them, for he sees,
Their day of vengeance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,

Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM 37. 16, 21, 26—31. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Charity to the poor ; or, Religion in words and deeds.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay ;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need :
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 He fears to talk with lips profane,
To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from every snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. 23—37. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;

Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves ;
He ne'er deprives them of his grace,
Nor leaves the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo ! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. Common Metre.

*Guilt of conscience and relief ; or, Repentance and prayer
for pardon and health.*

1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord ;

Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest ;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone,
Too heavy for my soul to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like the troubled sea,
My head still bending down ;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole ;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known ;
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foes rejoice to see me slide,
Into the miry pit ;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin ;
I feel how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh ;
 O Lord of my salvation haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Watchfulness over the tongue ; or, Prudence and zeal.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
 “ Now will I watch my tongue,
 “ Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 “ Or do my neighbour wrong.”
- 2 And, if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear,
 That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame ;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time :
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flower and prime.

- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. 9—13. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
Sick-bed devotion ; or, Pleading without repining.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes :
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke !
Adam, and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. 6—9. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
 "Give your burnt offerings o'er,
 "In dying goats and bullocks slain,
 "My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
 "My God, to do thy will;
 "Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
 "Thy servant shall fulfil."
- 3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
 "I keep it near my heart:
 "Mine ears are open'd with delight
 "To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th' eternal Son appears!
 And at th' appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
 And much his truth he shew'd,
 And preach'd the way of righteousness,
 Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
 He pity'd sinners' cries,
 And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

- 7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
 Could wash the conscience clean,

But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook ;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. 5—10. Long Metre.

Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt :
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 In heaven, before his Father's throne,
Complacent smiles th' eternal Son,
And, pleas'd, presents with boundless grace
Himself, a ransom for our race.
- 4 " Behold I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,)
" I come to bear the heavy load
" Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 " Mine ear is open'd to thy voice,
" My heart delighted with thy choice ;
" Pleas'd, I assume a fleshly form,
" Akin to man, that dying worm.
- 6 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
" 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
" I must fulfil the Saviour's part ;
" And lo ! thy law is in my heart.
- 7 " I'll magnify thy holy law,
" And rebels to obedience draw,

“ When on my cross I’m lifted high,
 “ Or to my crown above the sky.

- 8 “ The Spirit shall descend and show
 “ What thou hast done, and what I do ;
 “ The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
 “ Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.”

PSALM 41. 1, 2, 3. Long Metre.

Charity to the poor ; or, Pity to the afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,
 And melt with pity to the poor,
 Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
 More good than his own hands can do ;
 He in the time of general grief,
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
 With secret blessings on his head,
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
 God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
 Will save him with a healing touch,
 Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42. 1—5. First Part.

Common Metre.

Desertion and hope ; or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
 My God, to thee I look ;
 So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook.

- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
 And meet my God again?
 So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast;
 The foe insults without control,
 "And where's your God at last?"
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days;
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why's my soul sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove:
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. 6—11. *Second Part. Long Metre.*

Melancholy thoughts reprov'd; or, hope in affliction.

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise,
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
 Thy water spouts drown all my joys,
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
 When I address his throne by day,
 Nor in the night his grace remove;
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, " My God, my heavenly Rock,
" Why doth thy love so long forget
" The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?"
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 43. Proper Metre. *As the 143th.*

A complaint, mingled with hope under great trials; particularly, long detention from public worship.

- 1 **M**Y God, defend my cause
Against a host of foes;
Oh, save me from th' unjust,
Who triumph in my woes?
Why dost thou faint,
My trembling heart?
To God impart
Thy sad complaint.
- 2 Why dost thou, O my Shield,
Desert me thus forlorn?
Why, hated and oppress'd,
Thus bid me ceaseless mourn?
To God I fly;
In God I'll trust,
When low in dust
My head shall lie.
- 3 Now to thy sacred house
With joy direct my feet,
Where saints with morning vows
In full assembly meet.

Thy power divine
Shall there be shown,
And from thy throne,
Thy mercy shine.

4 Oh, send thy light abroad,
Thy truth with heavenly ray,
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way ;
I'll hear thy word
With faith sincere,
And learn to fear
And praise the Lord.

5 There reach thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal ;
There health and strength divine,
Oh, make my bosom feel !
Like balmy dew,
Shall Jesus' voice
My bones rejoice,
My strength renew.

6 Then in the holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord,
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word.
Henceforth to thee,
O God of grace,
A hymn of praise
My life shall be.

7 My soul, awake to joy,
And triumph in the Lord ;
My health, my hope, my song,
And my divine reward,
Ye fears remove ;
No more I mourn,
But blest return
To sing his love.

PSALM 44. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. Common Metre.

The church's complaint in persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of power and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days :
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
 And make thy gospel known ;
 Among them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 **I**n God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast given.
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,
 And thine own hand hath bruis'd us sore
 Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
 As martyrs for thy cause,
 As sheep for slaughter, bound we lie
 By sharp and bloody laws.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?

Why should we look like men abhor'd
Or banish'd from thy face ?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries ?
For ever hide thy heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes ?

10 Down to the dust our souls are bow'd
And die upon the ground ;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God ;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. *First Part.* Short Metre.

*The glory of Christ, the success of the gospel, and the
Gentile church.*

1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine ;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word,

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

- 5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.
- 6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house ;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 Oh, let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM 45. *First Part.* Common Metre.*The personal glories and government of Christ.*

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair ;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed ;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove

A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord ; how heavenly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword ;
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right ;
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. *Second Part.* Long Metre.*Christ and his church ; or, The mystical marriage.*

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face !
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace ;
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The queen array'd in purest gold :
 The world admires her heavenly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,
 He calls and seats her near his throne ;
 Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
 The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
 In thee, the favourite of his choice ;
 Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
 For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour ! when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all thy sons (a numerous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
 Let every age his praises spread ;
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescension of his love.

PSALM 46. *First Part.* Long Metre.*The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms and sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

PSALM 46. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God fights for his church.

- 1 **L**ET Sion and her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid :
Behold the works his hands hath wrought,
What desolations he hath made !
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shore,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame ;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands :
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my throne in Sion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47. Common Metre.

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 **O**H, for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him, rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;
He lov'd that chosen race :
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 These western climes are all the Lord's,
 Here Abraham's God is known ;
 While powers and princes, shields and swords
 Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. 1—8. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known,
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright hath his salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !

4 When kings against her join'd,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
 They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
 Attempt to spoil our peace,
 He sends his tempest roaring loud,
 And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress,
 We'll to his house repair,
 We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. 10—14. *Second Part.* Short Metre.*The beauty of the church ; or, Gospel worship and order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well ;
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. 6—14. *First Part.* Common Metre.*Pride and death ; or, The vanity of life and riches.*

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide ?

- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they ?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 4 [Life is a blessing, can't be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise ;
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
" My house shall ever stand ;
" And that my name may long abide,
" I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies !
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

- 10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,
 'Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
 In terror and despair.]

PSALM 49. 14, 15. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Death and the resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene ;
 When will that hour appear ?
 When shall the just revive and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
 When separate from the flesh ;
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
 'Th' inheritance is sure ;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. Long Metre.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have ;
 How vain are riches to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave.
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust ;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.

- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;
 That flesh, so delicately fed,
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 Laid in the grave for worms to eat :
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp, and beauty, birth and blood :
 That glorious day exalts the just,
 To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
 And raise me from my dark abode ;
 My flesh and soul shall part no more,
 But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50. 1—6. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The last judgment ; or, The saints rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 " Judgment will ne'er begin ;"
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way ;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice, and their doom.

- 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
 "That made their peace with God
 "By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 "And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
 "Shall make the world confess
 "My sentence of reward is right,
 "And heaven adore my grace."

PSALM 50. Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
 "And flocks and herds are mine ;
 "O'er all the cattle of the hills
 "I claim a right divine.
- 2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 "Nor bullocks burnt with fire,
 "To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 "Is all that I require.
- 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
 "My hand shall set thee free ;
 "Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 "The honour due to me.
- 4 "The man that offers humble praise,
 "He glorifies me best :
 "And those that tread my holy ways,
 "Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part*

Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
 And saints surround their Lord,

He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

- 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
"Will I the world reprove:
"Altars and rites, and forms are vain
"Without the fire of love.
- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do,
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without control?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword
There's no deliverer there.

PSALM 50. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;

By night they practice every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

- 5 And, while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 Oh, dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes !
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM 50. To a new tune. Proper Metre.

The last judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign, sends his summons
forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north ;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
No more shall atheists mock his long delay,
His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day !
- 2 Behold, the Judge descends ! his guards are nigh ;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near ; let all things
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom. [come,
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
- 3 Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
And sign'd with all their names ; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient worship, or the new,
There's no distinction here ; come spread their
thrones,
And near me set my favourites and my sons.
- 4 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge : ye heavens proclaim abroad

My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear,
 Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire ;
 I doom thee, painted hypocrites, to fire.

- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
 Without the flames of love : in vain the store
 Of brutal offerings that were mine before.
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed, [feed.
 Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests, where they
- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
 When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood ?
 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows ?
 Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?
- 7 Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to
 A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ? [please
 While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
 Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy brother wrong :
 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
 Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 Silent I waited with long suffering love ;
 But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
 And cherish such an impious thought within,
 That God the righteous would indulge thy sin ?
 Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
 And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
 amend ;
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :
 Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
 Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

PSALM 50. To the old proper tune. Proper Metre.

The last Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 2 **C**alls the south nations, and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
*The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
 His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky!
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
 When sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*
- 3 "Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all
 things come,
 "To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:
 "But gather first my saints;" the Judge com-
 mands,
 "Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
*When Christ returns wake every cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*
- 4 "Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
 "Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
 "And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
 "That paid the ancient worship or the new."
*There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.*
- 5 "Here," saith the Lord, "Ye angels spread their
 thrones,
 "And near me seat my favourites and my sons;
 "Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
 "Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."
*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

- 6 " I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
 " I am the Judge : ye heavens proclaim abroad
 " My just eternal sentence, and declare
 " Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear."
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*
- 7 " Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 " Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings
 " Thou hypocrite, once drest in saints' attire,[vain,
 " I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."
*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*
- 8 " Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 " Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
 " Without the flames of love ; in vain the store
 " Of brutal offerings that were mine before."
*Earth is the Lord's ; all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*
- 9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
 " When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks' blood ?
 " Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
 " Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
 feed."
*All is the Lord's ; he rules the wide creation :
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*
- 10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 " Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows ?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?"
*God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

PAUSE the second.

11. " Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to
 please
 " A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ?

“ While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 “ ‘Thou lov’st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong !’ ”
Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 “ In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
 “ ‘Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends ;
 “ While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
 “ ‘His harden’d soul divine instruction hates.’ ”
God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 “ Silent I waited with long suffering love ;
 “ But didst thou hope that I should ne’er reprove ?
 “ And cherish such an impious thought within,
 “ ‘That the All-holy would indulge thy sin ?’ ”
See, God appears ! all nature joins t’ adore him ;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 “ Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll ;
 “ And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul ;
 “ Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
 “ ‘Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near.’ ”
Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
 amend,
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :
Then join the saints ; wake every cheerful passion,
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51. First Part. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 **S**HEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live ;

- Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace :
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean !
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
 But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true ;

Oh, make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.]

- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM 51. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*The backslider restored ; or, Repentance and faith in the
blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. 1—13. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes ;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise !
- 2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean ;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath ;
 And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
 A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul,
 With thy forgiving love ;
 Oh, make my broken spirit whole,
 And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face ;
 Create anew my vicious heart,
 And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
 Before the sons of men ;
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,
 And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. 14—17. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove ;
 Break down this separating wall,
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise :
 A humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 52. Long Metre.

The pride, folly, and miserable end of the wicked ; especially of infidels.

- 1 **W**HY do the wicked boast of sin,
And steel their hearts against the Lord ?
His goodness shall for ever shine ;
For ever stand his holy word.
- 2 Their thoughts all subtleties devise ;
Their tongues are edg'd like razors keen ;
Their fairest tales are flattering lies,
By youth and innocence unseen.
- 3 Their hearts delight in guile and wrong,
In truth perplex'd, and souls o'erthrown ;
Hence scorn and falsehood rule their tongue,
And hence their feet to mischief run.
- 4 [Thy law and gospel they despise ;
Vain of their taunts, of madness proud ;
Too rich thy grace to seek, or prize,
To bow too lofty, even to God.
- 5 “ From ancient days,” with scoffs they cry,
“ All things their steadfast course maintain ;
“ We see no God in earth, or sky,
“ And find his boasted promise vain.”*]
- 6 Like raging fire thy wrath shall burn ;
† Thy besom sweep them to the grave ;
Their branch, their root, thy hand o'erturn,
And not a friend be found to save.
- 7 Their end the righteous shall behold,
And say with an indignant smile,
“ These are the worshippers of gold,
“ The sons of violence and guile.
- 8 “ They plac'd their hopes in glittering dust,
“ Chain'd to the earth, and glu'd to sin ;

* 2 Pet. iii. 4.

† See Bishop Horne's Comment.

“ But scorn’d to make the Lord their trust,
 “ Nor form’d a wish for life divine.”

- 9 [Down to the grave the wretches go,
 By worms consum’d, to ruin driven ;
 Their spirits haste to endless wo,
 And find no entrance into heaven.
- 10 Then shall their joys revive no more,
 Like dreams dissolv’d in fleeting air ;
 Their flatteries, and their boasts be o’er,
 And hopes all vanish in despair.]
- 11 But in thy courts will I be seen,
 Growing in faith, and hope, and love,
 Like olives fair, and fresh, and green,
 And ripening for the world above.
- 12 There will I learn thy glory, Lord,
 And songs for all thy goodness raise ;
 There will I wait to hear thy word,
 While listening saints approve the praise.

PSALM 53. 4—6. Common Metre.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
 Who thus devour her saints ?
 Do they not know her Saviour rules,
 And pities her complaints ?
- 2 They shall be seiz’d with sad surprise ;
 For God’s avenging arm
 Scatters the bones of them that rise
 To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
 Of armies in array ;
 When God has first dispers’d their host,
 They fall an easy prey.
- 4 Oh, for a word from Sion’s King,
 Her captives to restore !

Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 53. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

The last verse paraphrased together with several passages from Isaiah, Malachi, and St. Paul.

Prayer for the latter day glory.

- 1 **L**ORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear ;
Thy children's voice, with tender mercy hear ;
Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind ;
Oh, let thy Spirit like soft dew descend ;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand ;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppress'd by man, and scourg'd by thee, no more,
Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heavenly grace,
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.
- 3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire ;
The beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround ;
Mohammed's empire crumble to the ground ;
The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.
- 4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring ;
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring ;
The savage mind with sweet affections warm,
And light, and love, the yielding bosom charm ;
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace, and goodness, shower from balmy skies.
- 5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn ;
Then happy nations in a day be born ;
From east to west thy glorious name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son ;

Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the gospel's light.

- 6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine ;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine ;
Their souls improve ; their songs more grateful rise,
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies ;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea.

PSALM 54. Proper Metre. *As the 122d.*

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

- 1 **M**Y God, preserve my soul ;
Oh, make my spirit whole !
To save me let thy strength appear ;
Strangers my steps surround ;
Their pride and rage confound,
And bring thy great salvation near.
- 2 Those that against me rise
Are aliens from the skies ;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord !
They mock thy fearful name ;
They glory in their shame,
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.
- 3 But, O thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine ;
The men that still my soul sustain :
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain.
- 4 Escap'd from every wo,
Oh, grant me, here below,
To praise thy name, with those I love ;
And, when beyond the skies
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

PSALM 55. 1—8. 16. 17, 18, 22. Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears ;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath ;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.
- 4 Oh, were I like a feather'd dove,
Soon would I stretch my wings,
And fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell !
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.
- PAUSE.
- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid ;

Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all ;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise ;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous prosperity ; or, daily devotions encouraged.

1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God !
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;

The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. Common Metre.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood ; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

1 **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try,
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord ;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
Oh, cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand !

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears ;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee ;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

- 8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust ;
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive my praise ;
 I'll sing, " how faithful is thy word,
 " How righteous all thy ways."
- 10 'Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
 Oh, set thy prisoner free !
 That heart and hand, and life and breath
 May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. Long Metre.

Praise for protection, grace and truth.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 'Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
 He sends his angels from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 Let land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name ;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. Proper Metre. *As the 113th Psalm.*

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause,
 When the oppress'd before you stands ?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hands ?
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never known,
 God is your Judge, and he alone ?
 High in the heavens his justice reigns :
 Yet you invade the rights of God,
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds ;
 You hear no counsels, cries or tears ;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God !
 Those teeth of lions, dy'd in blood ;
 And crush the serpents in the dust :
 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,
 Or snails that perish in their slime.

Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford ;
And all that hear shall join and say,
“ Sure there’s a God that rules on high,
“ A God that hears his children cry,
“ And will their sufferings well repay.”

PSALM 59. Proper Metre. *As the 122d.*

Together with some passages of the 58th, omitted by
Doctor Watts.

Complaints against unbelievers.

- 1 **O**H, save thy servants, Lord !
Fulfil thy gracious word,
For evil men against us rise ;
Causeless our souls they hate ;
Against our lives they wait,
And aim their malice at the skies.
- 2 In sin their hearts delight ;
In sin their hands unite ;
Estrang’d, and evil, from the womb ;
With lies their tongues begin ;
They grow in every sin,
’Till down they hasten to the tomb.
- 3 Deaf to that charming voice,
That bids the world rejoice,
The gospel sound of pardoning love ;
The calls of gentle peace,
The hopes of life, and bliss,
And glory in the world above.
- 4 Blind to those truths divine,
That, fair and lovely, shine,
And teach the Godhead there alone,
Tidings of peace refin’d,

And joy to all mankind,
And mercy to the world undone.

- 5 They hate thy glory, Lord,
They mock thy holy word;
The snares of death their hands employ;
With flattery and deceit,
For souls they lie in wait,
And help the fowler to destroy.

PSALM 59. Proper Metre. *As the 122d. Second Part.*

Miserable end of the wicked.

- 1 **W**HEN God in wrath shall rise,
T' avenge deceit and lies,
What anguish shall the wicked tear!
The men that slight thy name,
That boast of sin and shame,
And proudly cry, "What God shall hear?"
- 2 Thou hear'st, omniscient Lord,
Each curse, and idle word,
And all the scoffs of lips profane;
And when the night of death
Shall stop their impious breath,
Their souls shall seek for peace in vain.
- 3 Then shall the Judge deride
Their malice and their pride,
And crush them with an iron rod;
In vain shall fall their tears;
In vain ascend their prayers;
And they shall know the ruling God.
- 4 Just as th' untimely birth
Returns to mouldering earth,
Or streams in summer pass away;
So all their dreams of peace,
And promises of bliss,
Shall vanish in that dreadful day.

- 5 Oh, how will sinners need
 An advocate to plead,
 Accepted at thine awful throne !
 How in that solemn hour,
 Will faith's transcendent power
 Outweigh all things beneath the sun !
- 6 Yet save their souls, O Lord,
 Subdue them by thy word,
 Though all their powers oppose thy reign ;
 As scattered foes submit,
 Bow them beneath thy feet,
 Nor let them read thy wrath in vain.

PSALM 60. 1—5, 10—12. Common Metre.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nations off ?
 Must we for ever mourn ?
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath ?
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine,
 Melts all our strength away ;
 Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
 We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Thy people shake beneath thy stroke,
 And dread thy threatening hand ;
 Oh, heal the nation thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wavering land ;
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
 For those that fear thy name ;
 Save thy beloved with thy shield,
 And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
 Like a confederate God ;
 In vain confederate powers unite
 Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
 By thine assisting hand ;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
 And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61. 1—6. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings,
 My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. 5—12. Long Metre.

*No trust in the creatures ; or, Faith in the divine grace
 and power.*

1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
 My rock and refuge is his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face :
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust ;
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
" All power is his eternal due ;
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne ;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. 1—5. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,

As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. 6—10. *Second Part.* Common Metre

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'T WAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power ;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high ;
“ My God, my life, my hope,” I said,
“ Bring thy salvation nigh.”

3 My spirit labours up thy hill,
And climbs the heavenly road ;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings ;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain ;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell

In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, The love of God better than life.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t^e appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford ;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray, or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
 Thy mercy does implore ;
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find a place,
 Thy power and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love,
 No relish can afford ;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live ;
 Not the rich dainties of a feast
 Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind ;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies ;
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps ;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. Proper Metre. *As the 122d.*

First Part.

*A complaint against evil companions ; designed especially
 for youth.*

- 1 **S**AVE me from evil men,
 The impious and profane,
 That seek the faithful to destroy ;
 More keen than pointed swords,
 They dart their bitter words,
 To wound his name, his hope, and joy.
- 2 The pit and secret snare,
 Conjoin'd, their hearts prepare,
 And say, " What God shall see, or hear,"
 The thoughtless, young, and gay,
 Who tread that dangerous way,
 Shall find a sure destruction there.
- 3 Each wile their hearts combine,
 To tempt the wretch to sin,
 To curse and swear, to lie and steal ;
 Each crime with charms display,
 And reason guilt away,
 And strew with flowers the road to hell.
- 4 The child, to virtue given,
 And train'd with care for heaven,
 Their deep laid mischiefs lure astray ;
 With pangs a father views,
 With tears a mother rues,
 Her son, her darling, made a prey.

PSALM 64. Proper Metre. *As the 122d.*

Second Part.

*Mischiefs of wicked men ; the means of their own ruin ;
and of warning to others.*

- 1 **W**HEN men of mischief rise
In secret 'gainst the skies,
Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave ;
And Oh ! beyond the tomb,
How dreadful is their doom,
Where not a hand is reach'd to save !
- 2 Themselves their wiles shall snare ;
The pits, their hands prepare,
Before their feet destruction spread ;
The slander they devise,
Their malice and their lies,
Shall fall with vengeance on their head.
- 3 The world with awe shall hear ;
In Zion rebels fear,
And stay their hands from guilt and sin ;
To thee present their cry
To save them ere they die,
And mark, and know, thy hand divine.
- 4 With new born love and grace,
Increasing faith and praise,
Thy saints shall bid their songs ascend,
That truth and virtue find
In the all-ruling Mind
To them, and to their friends, a Friend.

PSALM 65. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Public prayer and praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

- 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray ;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain ;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee ;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays ;
Babel, prepare for long distress :
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request ;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord ;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65. 5—13. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*Divine providence in air, earth and sea ; or, The God
of nature and grace.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease ;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the wind, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form ;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly ;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant food the valleys yield ;

The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

- 11 The pastures smile in green array ;
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
O'er every field thy glories shine ;
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A prayer hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail ;
But pardoning grace is thine ;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear ;

But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea ; or, The blessing of rain.

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours ;
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The blessings of the Spring ; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

- 2 The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out at thy command,
 Their watery blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring ;
 The valleys rich provision yield,
 And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers ;
 The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The parched grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months, thy goodness crowns ;
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 65. Proper Metre. *As the 148th.*

The providence of God in the seasons.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is thy voice,
 O Lord, our heavenly King,
 That bids the frosts retire,
 And wakes the lovely spring !
 The rains return,
 The ice distils.
 And plains and hills
 Forget to mourn.
- 2 The lofty mountains stand,
 Establish'd by thine arm ;
 Thy voice the ocean stills,
 The tumult and the storm.

Though earth and skies
With terror spread,
Thy tokens dread
All lands surprise.

3 The morn, with glory crown'd,
Thy hand arrays in smiles ;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend ;
The mild wind blows ;
And beauty glows
To earth's far end.

4 Thou mak'st the pastures green ;
Thou call'st the flocks abroad ;
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God.
Both bird and beast
Partake thy care,
And, happy, share
The general feast.

5 Thy showers make soft the fields ;
On every side, behold
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold.
The labourers sing
With cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice
In God their King.

6 The thunder is his voice ;
His arrows blazing fires ;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes ;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

7 With life he clothes the spring ;
 The earth with summer warms ;
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,
 And rides in wintry storms.

His gifts divine
 Through all appear,
 And round the year,
 His glories shine.

PSALM 66. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Governing power and goodness ; or, our graces tried by afflictions.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise ;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
 How terrible art thou !
 " Sinners before thy presence fly,
 " Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God ;
 How glorious are his ways !
 In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
 And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Israel pass'd the flood ;
 There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might ;
 Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war !
- 6 Oh, bless our God, and never cease !
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine ;
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command ;
 Led to possess the promis'd place,
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. 13—20. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty Power,
 Who heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known ;
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he hath done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought his heavenly aid ;
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
 While prayer employ'd my tongue,
 The Lord had shewn me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God, (his name be ever blest)
 Hath set my spirit free,
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. Common Metre.

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

1 **S**HINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace !

Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Here fix thy throne exalted high,
And, here, our glory stand ;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy favourite land.]

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God !

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here ;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. *First Part.* 2—6, 32—35. Long Metre.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight ;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

- 2 [He comes, array'd in burning flames ;
Justice and vengeance are his names ;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky ;
His name Jehovah sounds on high :
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again ;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wond'rous names and powers rehearse :
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. 17, 18. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou did'st ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;

Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. *Third Part.* 13, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Long Metre.

Praise for temporal blessings ; or, common and special mercies.

1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love :
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, and endless pains.

- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;
 The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;
 And bring them to the courts above ;
 There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69. 1—14. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 1 “ **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods
 “ Break in upon my soul :
 “ I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
 “ Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 “ I cry till all my voice is gone,
 “ In tears I waste the day ;
 “ My God, behold my longing eyes,
 “ And shorten thy delay.
- 3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,
 “ And still their number grows,
 “ More than the hairs around my head,
 “ And mighty are my foes.
- 4 “ 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 “ That men could never pay,
 “ And gave those honours to thy law,
 “ Which sinners took away.”
- 5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
 The royal prophet mourns ;
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
 And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 “ Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
 “ Salvation in my name ;
 “ For I have borne their heavy load
 “ Of sorrow, pain and shame.

- 7 " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
 " And sackcloth was my dress,
 " While I procur'd for naked souls
 " A robe of righteousness.
- 8 " Among my brethren and the Jews
 " I like a stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile reproach, to bring
 " The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 " I Came in sinful mortals' stead,
 " To do my Father's will ;
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
 " They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 10 " My fasting and my holy groans
 " Were made the drunkard's song ;
 " But God from his celestial throne
 " Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep
 " Nor let my soul be drown'd ;
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 On well establish'd ground.
- 12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour
 " My prayer arose on high,
 " And for my sake my God shall hear
 " The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure, sing
 The sufferings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;
 How high the waters rise !

While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face ;
" Why should thy favourite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace ?

4 " With rage they persecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound ;
" While for a sacrifice I pour
" My life upon the ground.

5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain ;
" Their sharp, insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" The scandal and the shame ;
" Reproaches break my bleeding heart,
" And lies defile my name.

7 " I look for pity, but in vain ;
" My kindred are my grief ;
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.

8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
" They give me gall for food ;
" And, sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood.

9 " Shine into my distressed soul ;
" Let thy compassion save ;
" And though my flesh sink down to death,
" Redeem it from the grave.

10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
" And reign in worlds unknown ;
" And thy salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM 69. *Third Part. Common Metre.*

Christ's obedience and death ; or, God glorified, and sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace ;
I bless my Saviour's name ;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise ;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. *First Part. Long Metre.*

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd :
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies, not his own.
- 5 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live !
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. 7, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

- 1 **T**WAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin :
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 [" My Father's house," said he, " was made
" A place for worship, not for trade ;"
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood ;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

- 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies :
They nail him to the shameful tree ;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
- 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans ;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
- 8 But God beheld ; and from his throne
Mark'd out the men that hate his Son :
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 70. Long Metre.

Paraphrased together with several other passages of
Scripture.

A prayer of the church for the presence of Christ.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose hand the kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And shew thy power and glory here !
- 2 While stupid wretches, sunk in sleep,
Slide onward to the fiery deep,
To sense, and sin, and madness, given,
Believe no hell, and wish no heaven ;
- 3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,
And Zion mourns in deep distress ;
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold,
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold ;
- 4 Oh, haste, with every gift inspir'd,
With glory, truth, and grace, attir'd,

- Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn ;
 Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn !
- 5 Assert the honour of thy name ;
 O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame ;
 Bid them beneath thy footstool lie,
 Nor let their souls for ever die.
- 6 Saints shall be glad before thy face,
 And grow in love, and truth, and grace ;
 Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
 Yield fruits of peace and pure delight.
- 7 Oh, hither, then, thy footsteps bend ;
 Swift as a roe, from hills descend ;
 Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
 Till life unfolds eternal day !

PSALM 71. 5—9. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine ;
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still hath my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year ;
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy glory shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,

They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace !
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore !
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God ;
His death hath brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song ;
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 71. 17—21. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The aged christian's prayer and song; or, Old age, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
 'The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wond'rous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years
 If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age,
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 'The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 Oh, may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!
- PAUSE.
- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high;
 Unsearchable thy deeds:
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief;
 But when thy hand hath prest me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;

These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to thy commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
"Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
"Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 [Behold the Islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold :
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song :
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.]

PSALM 72. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

The glory of Christ, and of his kingdom.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose sceptre earth and seas obey,
And skies, and stars, and suns, confess thy
sway,
Now to thy Son th' immortal kingdom give ;
In him command a ruin'd world to live :

O'er every realm his mighty sway extend,
And bid o'er every throne his throne ascend.

- 2 O'er all created names his glories shine ;
Supreme his beauty, and his grace divine ;
Fairer than thrones, and powers, and seraphs
bright,
The realms of nature, and the world of light ;
The King of kings, the Prince to angels given,
Lord of the world, the Heir divine of heaven.
- 3 His glorious hand shall hold a righteous sway,
Th' oppressor tremble, and the proud obey ;
The friendless poor immortal treasures know ;
The weary'd bosom rest from every wo ;
The houseless wanderer find a blest abode,
The soul a ransom, and the saint a God.
- 4 Fair as the tree of life his saints shall rise,
Redeem'd from death, and violence, and lies,
Lov'd by his soul, as precious sons are lov'd,
Glorious as kings, as spotless priests approv'd ;
On joyful hills shall truth and justice grow,
And peace in spreading streams the world o'erflow.
- 5 Through endless years his glory shall extend ;
For him increasing prayers to heaven ascend ;
To heaven his name from every region rise,
More sweet than incense cheers the morning skies,
To him all lands a song of rapture raise,
And lisping infants join their artless praise.
- 6 As spring's mild showers refresh the thirsty plain,
As cloudless suns succeed the genial rain,
So, shall his influence earth's sad face renew,
Where the scant seed, his faithful labourers strew ;
Like towering groves, behold the harvest rise,
Wave round like Lebanon, and reach the skies !
- 7 From shore to shore shall stretch his boundless
His boundless blessings flow to every sea : [sway,

See round his altars suppliant kings attend ;
 Before his throne obedient nations bend ;
 To him their tribute distant realms unfold,
 Her spices India, and Peru her gold.

8 See springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,
 And savage tribes th' immortal Saviour know ;
 Prostrate in dust, his humble foes shall lie,
 Or send their hymns of transport to the sky ;
 And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
 'Till moons shall walk their evening round no more.

9 In him the curse, in boundless bliss shall end ;
 From evil good, from darkness light ascend ;
 Diviner glories to mankind be given,
 A nobler nature and a fairer heaven :
 Let earth, let saints, that seek his bright abode,
 Resound his praise, and bless their Father, God.

PSALM 73. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
 To men of heart sincere ;
 Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
 And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
 And spoke with angry breath,
 " How pleasant and profane they live !
 " How peaceful is their death !

3 " With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
 " They lay their fears to sleep ;
 " Against the heavens their slanders rise,
 " While saints in silence weep.

4 " In vain I lift my hands to pray,
 " And cleanse my heart in vain,
 " For I am chasten'd all the day ;
 " The night renews my pain."

- 5 Yet, while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove ;
" Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
" And grieve the men I love."
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place
Beside a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'Till at thy frown he fell ;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awak'd in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was !
How like a thoughtless beast !
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.
- 10 Yet was I kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown :
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM 73. 23—28. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near ;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
'To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence, die ;
 Not all the idol gods they love,
 Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. 22, 3, 6, 17—20 Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn and murmur and repine,
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But Oh, their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy sanctuary taught me so ;
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
 I'll never envy them again,
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,
 'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
 Just like a dream when man awakes ;
 Their songs of softest harmony,
 Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain :

Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,

While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
 In robes of honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
 Their flesh looks full and fair,

Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
 And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
 That pious souls endure,

Through all their life oppression reigns,
 And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
 The everlasting God :

Their malice blasts the good man's name,
 And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
 Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;

“ Is there a God that sees or hears
 “ The things below the skies ?”]

7 The tumults of my thought
 Held me in hard suspense,

Till to thy house my feet were brought,
 To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
 Did my mistakes amend ;
 I view'd the sinner's life before,
 But here I learn'd their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
 The thoughtless wretches go ;
 And, Oh, that dreadful fiery deep,
 That waits their fall below !

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine ;
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74. Common Metre.

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off ?
 His wrath for ever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock ?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's blood ;
 Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
 Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste ;
 Aloud our ruin calls ;
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
 Thy foes profanely roar :
 Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
 Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke !
 They tear the buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
 Procures the chief renown.

- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their nest ;
 " Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
 " The temple and the priest."
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,
 Thy presence is withdrawn ;
 Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
 Thy power and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
 The best, the wisest mourn ;
 And not a friend, nor promise, shows
 The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

- 9 How long, eternal God, how long,
 Shall men of pride blaspheme !
 Shall saints be made their endless song,
 And bear immortal shame ?
- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
 Thine holy name profan'd ?
 And still thy jealousy forbear,
 And still withhold thine hand ?
- 11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
 In ages long before ?
 And now no other God we own,
 No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
 By thy resistless might,
 To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
 And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
 The darkness and the day ?
 Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
 And mark the sun his way ?
- 14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
 And set the earth its bounds,

With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds ?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme ?
Will not thine hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name ?

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love ;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest ;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

Government from God alone.

A Psalm for a General Election.

1 **T**HY praise, O Lord, our thankful songs renew ;
Thy present name thy works of wonder shew,
Thy glorious works of wisdom, power and grace,
Thy sovereign blessings to our favour'd race ;
The ruling God, our peace and freedom prove,
And the glad tidings of forgiving love.

2 While from thy hand our rulers take their power,
Give them thy greatness humbly to adore,
With hearts sincere to hold a righteous sway,
Bid justice triumph, and the proud obey ;
Defend the poor, debasing bribes disdain,
Avenge bold wrongs, nor wield the sword in vain.

3 While round all realms wide dissolutions roll'd,
Give them the pillars of the earth t' uphold,
The meek, the wise, the faithful, and the just,
And tread the vile oppressor in the dust ;

To seek thy name, to love thy kingdom, Lord,
And spread thro' earth the victories of thy word.

- 4 Give them the public weal alone to prize,
And each base purpose nobly to despise ;
To bid pure knowledge round our borders shine,
And cheer the rising race with beams divine ;
Examples bright of piety display,
And charm our sons to tread that lovely way.
- 5 Teach them that greatness, power and place are
thine,
Gifts from thy hand, bestow'd for ends divine :
Rulers, thy stewards, to mankind are given,
T' advance the good, and build the cause of heav'n.
From thee a rich reward the faithful know ;
The faithless hasten to distinguish'd wo.
- 6 Thou art the Judge ; thy sceptre rules the skies ;
At thy command the just to glory rise ;
Thy fearful vengeance guilty wretches share,
Drink the last dregs, and plunge in deep despair.
To thy great name our raptur'd songs shall raise,
A humble tribute of immortal praise.

PSALM 76. Common Metre.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed ; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

- 1 **I**N Judah, God of old was known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne.
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose ;
There he receiv'd the just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear ;

- The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd the Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey !
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands ;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell ;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
- 7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save th' opprest ;
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes fear his frown ;
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM 77. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,

- In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
'Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
And will his promise fail?
Hath he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
'This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;
 And men that love thy word,
 Have in thy sanctuary known
 The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Comfort derived from ancient providences ; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

- 1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chastening rod !”
 (May thy own children say)
 “ The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
 “ How holy is his way !”
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old ;
 The King that reigns above ;
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.
- 4 Long did the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke opprest ;
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes ;
 But his almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation that he chose.
- 5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
 Must follow where he calls ;
 He bids them venture through the deep,
 And makes the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God !
 The waters saw thee come ;
 Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
 To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown :

Terrors attend thy wond'rous way,
That brings thy mercies down.

- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke ;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.]
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd !
How glorious is the Lord !
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock ;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led this flock
Home to the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Providences of God recorded ; or, Pious education and instruction of children.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Israel's rebellion and punishment ; or, The sins and chastisements of God's people.

- 1 **O**H, what a stiff, rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race !
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise ;
Forgot the works he wrought, to prove
His power before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand ;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land !
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd ;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand :
" Can he with bread our host supply
" Amidst this desert land ?"
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame ;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or, Chastisement and salvation.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel sins, the Lord reproveth,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation, he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. 32, &c. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

Backsliding and forgiveness; or, Sin punished and saints saved.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love !
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot,
The dreadful wonders God had wrought !
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain ;
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again ;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words or solemn lies ;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live ;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail ;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 79. Common Metre.

Complaint of a nation, or of the church against enemies.

- 1 **O** GOD, attend, while hosts of foes
Thy heritage invade ;

Thy Salem has become a heap :
Thy house a ruin made.

2 Thy sons, deny'd a peaceful grave,
Become the vulture's food ;
Their bodies wolves insatiate tear,
And lions drink their blood.

3 Behold us, Lord, a remnant sad,
Of peace and hope forlorn,
Of every mouth the vile reproach,
Of every eye the scorn.

4 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long delay thy grace ?
How long thy hapless children mourn
The hidings of thy face ?

5 Thy vengeance shall find out our foes,
Who mock thy fearful name ;
Who hate thy laws, deride thy word,
And glory in their shame.

6 While they thy chosen flock devour,
And all our cities waste ;
Forget our sins and follies past,
And let thy mercy haste.

7 Help, Lord of hosts, for Jesus' sake,
The glory of thy name ;
Cleanse us from guilt, our hearts renew,
And wipe away our shame.

8 Why should our foes insulting cry,
" Where is the God you boast,
" This fabled Lord of earth and heaven,
" Your triumph and your trust ?"

9 Arise, O God, and let thy hand
With awful glory shine ;
With terror make our haughty foes
Confess thy name divine.

- 10 Behold our blood ; our sighs regard ;
 And with almighty power
 Rescue thy saints condemn'd to die,
 And bid us fear no more.
- 11 On them their foul reproach shall turn,
 And wound with seven-fold scorn ;
 While we, thy flock, thy grace proclaim
 To ages yet unborn.

PSALM 80. Long Metre.

*The church's prayer under affliction ; or, The vineyard
 of God wasted.*

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
 Shine from on high, and guide us through ;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How long shall we lament and pray,
 And wait in vain thy kind return ?
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
 Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
 A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
 Did not thy power defend it round,
 And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?

- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit !
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd !
Why hast thou laid her fences waste !
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours thy vine.
- 8 Return, almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too ;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
'Till the fair Branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root ;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the Tree.
- 11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.
- 12 Oh, for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die !
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. 1, 3—16. Short Metre.

The warnings of God to his people ; or, Spiritual blessings and punishments.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;

God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Israel hear his voice.

- 2 " From vile idolatry
" Preserve my worship clean ;
" I am the Lord who set thee free
" From slavery and sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Israel will rebel ;
- 4 " I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dangerous road,
" 'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 " Yet Oh, that all my saints
" Would hearken to my voice !
" Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 " While I destroy'd their foes,
" I'd richly feed my flock,
" And they should taste the stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. Long Metre.

God the Supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates warned.

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes the seat ;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know ;
Dark are the ways in which they go ;

Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod:
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. Short Metre.

A complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of Justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread:
The men, that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap:
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex the sheep.
- 5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor memory shall be found."
- 6 Awake, almighty God!
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name ;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound
 That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
 That glorious, dreadful word,
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 83. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

A prayer of the church against her enemies.

1 **O** THOU, the only good, and great, and wise,
 Father of men, and Lord of earth and skies,
 Thine awful silence break ! from heaven's far end,
 In countless myriads, see thy foes ascend ;
 Lust, malice, pride, to waste thy kingdom arm ;
 Fierce swells the tumult, threatening roars the
 storm !

2 See from all climes th' embattled nations roll ;
 A world in arms, and sin th' inspiring soul !
 The north and south, the east and west combine ;
 The prince and slave, the sage and savage, join ;
 And power, and wealth, and skill, and fraud unite
 The host to summon, and to arm the fight.

3 Whate'er ingenious mischief can devise,
 Or the tongue utter, train'd to arts and lies ;
 Or envy wish, or malice fell prepare,
 Or atheist hope, or bold blasphemer dare, [try,
 They wish, they hope, they form, they dare, they
 And sound the trump to combat with the sky.

4 " Unite," they cry, " our wisdom and our power ;
 Now shall the name of God be heard no more ;
 His word thro' earth become the butt of scorn ;
 His church expire ; in dust his temples mourn ;
 Lost in eternal night, Messiah, lie ;
 His promise perish, and his glory die."

- 5 * O thou great God, before whose awful ire
 The hills dissolve, and seas and skies expire, [arm ;
 Bow the high heavens ; make bare th' avenging
 Awake thy thunders ; rouse the sleeping storm ;
 Thy lightnings summon to the dreadful day,
 Nor leave the flock to ravening wolves a prey.
- 6 As empty chaff before the whirlwind flies,
 In flames to heaven, as kindled forests rise ;
 So shall the nations vanish from thine eye ;
 Their cities sink ; the scatter'd islands fly ; [fall,
 The hard rocks cleave ; the tottering mountains
 And death and terror rend the shrinking ball.†
- 7 Thro' all their deep-laid counsels madness send ;
 Sin their foul source, and misery their end.
 Amaz'd, o'erthrown, to guilt a prey forlorn,
 Of shame the victims, and of truth the scorn ;
 Their tears shall fall ; to prayers their curses turn,
 And, sunk in dust, the wretched remnant mourn.
- 8 So shall thy kingdom to new glory rise ;
 Thy children flourish in indulgent skies ;
 From shore to shore thy word in triumph run ;
 In every land thy name and praise be one ;
 And the wide world resound in wondering strains,
 " Supreme o'er heaven and earth Jehovah reigns."

* *Isaiah* lxiv. 1, 3.

† *Rev.* xvi. 18—20.

PSALM 84. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The pleasures of public worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God ;

My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?

- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God and his church ; or, Grace and glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy, that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way

From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, thy sovereign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee !

PSALM 84. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphrased in Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worship ; or, God present in his churches.

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays ;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove,
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God ! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;

When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
Oh, make me like the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I love!
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. Proper Metre. *As the 148th Psalm.*

Longing for the house of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 'Till each arrives at length ;
 'Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day,
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where God resorts
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds

From those his heart approves ;
From pure and pious souls.

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

PSALM 85. 1—8. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Waiting for an answer to prayer ; or, Deliverance begun
and completed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom :
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace ;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. Ver. 9, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven ;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heavenly influence bless the ground,
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
 To give us free access to God ;
 Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
 But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. Ver. 8—13. Common Metre.

A general song of praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath power divine ;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord !
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
 Their offerings round thy throne ;
 For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
 For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;
 Teach me thy heavenly ways,
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
 In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. Long Metre.

*The church the birth-place of the saints ; or, Jews and
 Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
 He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, the Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill, where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new-born, or nourish'd there.

PSALM 88. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The sorrows of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of my salvation, hear !
My daily cry attend !
When shall I triumph o'er the grave ?
And when my sorrows end ?
- 2 My life is number'd with the dead,
That lost in silence lie ;
My strength decays ; my spirits droop,
And all my comforts die.
- 3 Forgotten in the lowest pit,
In darkness and the deep,
My heart, the light of hope forsakes,
My weary eyelids sleep.
- 4 Shunn'd, as polluted victims are,
Like lepers, shut from men,
My dearest friends my footsteps fly,
Nor know my face again.

- 5 Each day, a mourner from my youth,
 My tears in anguish fall ;
 No feeling heart partakes my pain ;
 No ear attends my call.
- 6 Thy wrath hangs heavy o'er my head ;
 Thy terrors round me burn ;
 My feet are lost in sorrow's waves,
 Nor find a path to turn.
- 7 To thee each morn I raise my cry ;
 Thy suppliant hear and save !
 Oh, let me see thy smiling face,
 And bring me from the grave !
- 8 Though friend and lover, near and dear,
 In dark recesses hide ;
 Though here I meet the darts of hate,
 And bear the scoffs of pride ;
- 9 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise mine eyes,
 For thy salvation, Lord !
 Thy hand shall save me from my foes,
 And well fulfil thy word.*

PSALM 88. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Death not the end of our being.

Ver. 10, 11, 12. Paraphrased.

See Bishop Horne on these verses.

- 1 **S**HALL man, O God of light and life,
 For ever moulder in the grave !
 Can'st thou forget thy glorious work,
 Thy promise, and thy power to save ?
- 2 In death's obscure, oblivious realms,
 No truths are taught, nor wonders shown ;

* *Vitrings, Bishop Horne, &c. interpret this Psalm according to the scheme of the version here given.*

- No mercy beams to warm the heart ;
Thy name unsung, thy grace unknown.
- 3 No lips proclaim redeeming love,
With praise and transport in the sound ;
The gospel's glory never shines,
And hope and peace are never found.
- 4 But in those silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?
No future morning light the tomb,
No day-star gild the darksome skies ?
- 5 Shall spring the faded world revive ?
Shall waning moons their light return ?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be born ?
- 6 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing ?
And Oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing ?
- 7 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears :
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 8 Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquish'd grave ;
He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken, and to save.
- 9 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way ;
They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 10 The trump shall sound ; the dust awake ;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring ;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour, and their King.

PSALM 88. *Third Part. Long Metre.**Life the only accepted time:*

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
 But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day !
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
 " Come, sinners, haste, Oh, haste away,
 " While yet a pardoning God he's found."
- 3 " Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 " Shall death command you to the grave ;
 " Before his bar your spirits bring,
 " And none be found to hear, or save."
- 4 " In that lone land of deep despair,
 " No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
 " No God regard your bitter prayer,
 " Nor Saviour call you to the skies."
- 5 No wonders to the dead are shown,
 (The wonders of redeeming love ;)
 No voice his glorious truth makes known,
 Nor sings the bliss of climes above.
- 6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
 In these forgetful realms appear ;
 Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
 And hope shall never enter there.

PSALM 88. *Fourth Part. Short Metre.**Solemn thoughts, after dangerous sickness.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the bed of grief,
 In silence long I lay ;
 For sore disease and wasting pain
 Had worn my strength away.

- 2 Just o'er the grave I hung ;
Nor pardon met my eyes ;
As blessings neves greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
- 3 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray ;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.
- 4 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings, wasted here.
- 5 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell ;
And in that hopeless world of wo,
He bade my spirit dwell.
- 6 My friends, now friends no more,
At infinite remove,
Left me, to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.
- 7 Then Oh, how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky !
Like visions past, like flowers that blow,
When wintry storms are nigh.
- 8 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense, and sin.
- 9 The work, the mighty work
Of life, so long delay'd ;
Repentance, yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed !
- 10 Then to the Lord I pray'd,
And rais'd a bitter cry—

“Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I for ever die.”

11 He heard my humble cry ;
He sav'd my soul from death ;
To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

12 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

13 Soon will the harvest close ;
The summer soon be o'er ;*
And soon your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

* Jer. viii. 20.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ ; or, the true David.

- 1 **F**OREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
“ With thee my covenant first was made,
“ In thee shall dying sinners live ;
“ Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 “ Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
“ Thy children shall be ever blest ;
“ Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne
“ Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 “ There's none of all my sons above
“ So much my image, or my love ;

- “ Celestial powers, thy subjects are ;
 “ Then what can earth to thee compare ?
- 5 “ David, my servant, whom I chose
 “ To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 “ And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 “ Was but a shadow of my Son.”
- 6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
 Jesus, her Saviour and her King ;
 Angels his heavenly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord ;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
 Shall firm as heaven endure ;
 And if he speaks a promise once,
 'Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
 The promis'd Jewish throne !
 But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
 To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies ;
 The meanest subject of his grace,
 Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
 Are sung by saints above ;
 And saints on earth their honours raise
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. 7, &c. *Second Part. Common Metre.**The power and majesty of God ; or, Reverential worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord ;
 His high commands with reverence hear,
 And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be !
 How bright thine armies shine !
 Where is the power that vies with thee ?
 Or truth compar'd with thine ?
- 3 The Northern pole and Southern rest
 On thy supporting hand ;
 Darkness and day from East to West
 Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep :
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
 And the dark world of hell ;
 How did thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel.
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace ;
 While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. 15, &c. *Third Part. Common Metre.**A blessed Gospel.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. 19, &c. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom ; or, His divine and human nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
 And made his mercy known ;
 " Sinners, behold your help is laid
 " On my almighty Son."
- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose
 Among your mortal race ;
 His head my holy oil o'erflows,
 The spirit of my grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on David's throne,
 My people's better King ;
 My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 And still new subjects bring.
- 4 My truth shall guard him in his way,
 With mercy by his side ;
 While in my name through earth and sea
 He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his Father and his God,
 He shall for ever own ;
 Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
 And I'll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
 At my right hand shall sit ;

Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

- 7 My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong ;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

PSALM 89. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.* Common Metre.

*The covenant of grace unchangeable ; or, Afflictions
without rejection.*

- 1 **Y**ET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down ;
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart ;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind ;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure,
To David and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.
- 5 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure ;
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM 89. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.* Common Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state ;
 How frail our life, how short the date !
 Where is the man that draws his breath
 Safe from disease, secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and sense repine, and cry,
 “ Must death for ever rage and reign ?
 “ Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 “ Where is thy promise to the just ?
 “ Are not thy servants turn’d to dust ?”
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs ;
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word ;
 Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. 47, &c. *Last Part.* Proper Metre.

As the 113th.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man ;
 How few his hours, how short his span !
 Short from the cradle to the grave ;
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demand of death,
 With skill to fly, or power to save ?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
 “ The race of man was only made
 “ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?”
 Are not thy servants day by day

Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay ?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown ?
But flesh and sense indulge despair ;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat aloud *Amen*.

PSALM 90. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful song at a Funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God !
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity ;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
" Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount,
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

- 5 [Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
How short the term ! how frail the state !
And, if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But Oh, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years !
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread :
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. 1—5. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints shall dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
 Pleas'd with the morning light ;
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. 3, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin ; or, Life, old age, and preparation for death.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
 And justice grows severe,
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
 And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
 By one offence to thee,
 Adam and all his sons have lost
 Their immortality.
- 3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
 A fable or a song ;

- By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To three score years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load ;
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
Oh, let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne !
- 7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. 13, &c. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place :
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years ;
Let sin and sorrow cease ;
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord ;

And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first !
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91. 1, 7. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 **H**E, that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy power
" Shall be my fortress and my tower :

“ I that am form'd of feeble dust
 “ Make thine almighty arm my trust.”

3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
 Satan the tempter who betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
 From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
 Under her feathers, so the Lord
 Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 God is their life ; his wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe ; the poison'd air
 Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
 At thy right hand ten thousand died,
 Thy God his chosen people saves
 Among the dead, amid the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down,
 To make his wrath in Egypt known,
 And slew their sons, his careful eye
 Past all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
 Receive commission from the Lord,
 To strike his saints among the rest,
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
 From sins and sorrows set them free,
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. 9, 16. *Second Part. Common Metre.*

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones :
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat ;
For he, that broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them, (saith the Lord)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call ;
" In trouble I'll be nigh ;
" My power shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those, that on earth thy name have known,
" I'll honour them in heaven ;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be given."

PSALM 92. *First Part.* Long Metre.*A Psalm for the Lord's day.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. 12, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.*The church is the garden of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;

- Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green,
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yield such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew,
The Lord is holy, just and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. Long Metre.

The eternal and sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thy self the ever living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. Proper Metre. *As the old 50th.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns : he reigns on high :
 His robes of state are strength and majesty :
 This wide creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand :
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King : thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign :
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
 Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,
 But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still,
 And the mad world submissive to his will ;
 Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93. Proper Metre. *As the old 122d.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd ;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word ;
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Before the starry sky ;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar ;

In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM 94. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Saints chastened, and sinners destroyed; or, Instructive afflictions.

- 1 **O** God, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears,"
When will the fools be wise ?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power ;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But, if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod ;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw ;
 Thy chastenings make thy children wise,
 When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break ;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. 16—23. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*God our support and comfort ; or, Deliverance from
 temptation and persecution.*

- 1 **W**H^O will arise and plead my right
 Against my numerous foes,
 While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose ?
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
 Sustain'd my fainting head,
 My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul among the dead.
- 3 "Alas ! my sliding feet !" I cry'd,
 Thy promise was my prop :
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 Thy spirit bore me up.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws ;
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. Common Metre.

A Psalm before prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand ;
 He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face ;
 Oh, may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time ; he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request ;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
 " Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. Short Metre.

A Psalm before sermon.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing :
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;

The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord :

We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race ;

6 The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
“ Ye that despise my promis'd rest,
“ Shall have no portion there.”

PSALM 95. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.

Canaan lost through unbelief; or, A warning to delaying sinners.

1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise ;
God is a sovereign King : rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face ;
Provok'd the vengeance of his rod,
And tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove !
" Forget my power ; abuse my love ;
" Since they despise my rest, I swear,
" Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead ;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest :
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM 96. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise,
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink ; ye valleys rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations as their God :
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread,
 To see their Judge appear !

PSALM 96. *As the 113th Psalm.*

The God of the Gentiles.

1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;
 His glory let the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord ;
 The wondering nations read thy word,
 In these fair climes Jehovah's known :
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky ;
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there :
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties, how divinely bright !
 His temple, how divinely fair !

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name :
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Metre.*Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.*

- 1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. 6—9. *Second Part.* Long Metre.*Christ's incarnation.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97. *Third Part.* Long Metre.*Grace and glory.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O ye, that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame :
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious deeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord.
 None but the soul that feels his grace,
 Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Common Metre.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the northern sea,
 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
 His word like fire prepares his way,
 And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
 And makes the valleys rise :
 The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
 The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim ;
 The idol gods around
 Fill their own worshippers with shame,
 And totter to the ground.

- 4 Adoring angels at his birth,
 Make the Redeemer known ;
 Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
 And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at the sight,
 And hills and seas retire ;
 His children take their unknown flight,
 And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
 For saints in darkness here,
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
 And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
 New honours be address ;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abraham first ;
 His truth fulfils the grace ;
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
 With all her different tongues ;
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come ;
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes, to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove,
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

- 1 **T**HE God, Jehovah, reigns,
 Let all the nations fear ;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humbled there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord ;
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 And swift fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne ;
 His honours are divine ;
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name !
 How terrible his praise !
 Justice and truth, and judgment, join,
 In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet ;

His ways are wisdom, power and truth,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God ;
His grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. Long Metre. *A plain translation.*

Praise to our Creator.

1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King :
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. Long Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in God rejoice,
From land to land his name adore ;
Let earth, with one united voice,
Resound his praise from every shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love :
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 100. Proper Metre. *As the 148th.*

A general song of praise.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord most high ;
Let every land adore ;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power.
Let cheerful songs
Declare his ways,
And let his praise
Inspire your tongues.

- 2 Enter her courts with joy ;
 With fear address the Lord ;
 He form'd us with his hand,
 And quicken'd by his word.
 With wide command
 He spreads his sway
 O'er every sea,
 And every land.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
 And every blessing give :
 We feed upon his care,
 And in his pastures live.
 With cheerful songs
 Declare his ways,
 And let his praise
 Inspire your tongues.
- 4 Good is the Lord, our God,
 His truth and mercy sure ;
 While earth and heaven shall last,
 His promises endure.
 With bounteous hand
 He spreads his sway
 O'er every sea,
 And every land.

PSALM 101. Long Metre.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song ;
 And since they both to thee belong,
 My gracious God, my righteous King,
 To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
 I'll take my counsels from thy word,
 Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.

- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
 And let my God with me reside ;
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
 Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
 Shall be companions of my life ;
 The haughty look, the heart of pride
 Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
 To posts of honour, wealth and trust :
 The men that work thy holy will,
 Shall be my friends and favourites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flattering or malicious lies ;
 And while the innocent I guard,
 The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew (that factious band)
 Shall hide their heads, or quit the land,
 And all, that break the public rest,
 Where I have power, shall be supprest.

PSALM 101. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a master of a family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows :
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
 Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
 And make thy servant wise :
 I'll suffer nothing near me there
 That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
 By falsehood, or by force,
 The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my doors.

- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
 And will their help enjoy ;
 These are the friends that I shall trust,
 The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
 I'll not endure a night :
 The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
 And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
 And make the wicked flee :
 So shall my house be ever found,
 A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part*

Common Metre.

A prayer for the afflicted.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die :
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace
 To hear when sinners cry ?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air ;
 My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like withering grass
 Burnt with excessive heat ;
 In secret groans my minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top
 The sparrow tells her moan,
 Far from the tents of joy and hope
 I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
 Where beasts of midnight howl ;
 There the sad raven finds her place,
 And there the screaming owl.

- 6 Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast ;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast ;
My daily bread like ashes grows,
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high ;
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear ;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. 13—21. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
Behold the promis'd hour !
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there :
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes ;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, " That praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. 23—28. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity ; or, Saints die,
but Christ and the church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race :
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon :
Thy years are one eternal day ;
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage :

“ Our Father and our Saviour live :
 “ Christ is the same through every age.”

- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
 Heaven is the building of his hand ;
 This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
 And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
 Like garments shall be laid aside ;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
 Thy church for ever shall abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise :
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes, which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels ;
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

- 5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years ;
 He satisfies our mouth with good,
 And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
 And often gives the sufferers rest ;
 But will his justice more display
 In the last, great, rewarding day.
- 7 [His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
 And gave to Israel his commands ;
 But sent his truth and mercy down
 To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
 Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM 103. 3—13. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle chastisement ; or, His tender mercy to his people.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways !
 How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread,
 The starry heavens above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
 On swifter wings salvation flies ;

And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;
His strokes are lighter than our sins ;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes ;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. 1—7. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 **O**H, bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join ;
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave ;
 He, that redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace,
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. 8—13. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the midst
 of judgment.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,

Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath ;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. 19—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

God's universal dominion ; or, Angels praise the Lord.

1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high :
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will ;
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
John in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom shew

Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

PSALM 104. Long Metre.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

NOTE. *This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the Old 112th, or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord ; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name ?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed :
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand :
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bounds,
And in their channels walk their rounds ;

Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go ;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees, which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE. I.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers ;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce !
The olive yields a shining juice ;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine ;
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 Oh, bless his name, ye nations, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread :
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat ;
And at the airy mountain's foot

The feebler creatures make their cell ;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God ;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 The man to daily labour goes ;
The night was made for his repose ;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !
All lands thy boundless riches fill ;
Thy wisdom round the world we see ;
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 22 While each receives his different food,
His cheerful looks pronounce it good ;

- Eagles and bears, and whales, and worms
Rejoice and praise in different forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight :
How awful are his glorious ways ?
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 104. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

The glory of God in the works of creation and providence.

- 1 **T**HO heaven's high King, my soul, thy honours
raise ;
Great is his power, and wond'rous are his ways ;
Honour and majesty his throne surround,
Clad with pure light, with endless glory crown'd

He rais'd the pillars of the realms on high,
And hung the azure curtains of the sky.

- 2 O'er ocean's fields he spreads his chambers far,
And rolls through ether's wilds his cloudy car ;
On the wing'd whirlwind walks the boundless sky,
And bids his angel hosts before him fly ;
Raptur'd through every world they spread his
name,
Pure as the air, and active as the flame.
- 3 He built the earth ; he fix'd the solid ground ;
He bade the deep the mighty mass surround ;
O'er the high hills the swelling billows stood ;
He spoke ; they hasten'd to their dark abode ;
Dread thunders roll'd, and, down the mountains
driven,
They swept the vales, and own'd the voice of
Heaven.
- 4 There clos'd for ever by th' appointed shore,
Th' ambitious waves shall drench the world no more,
But, form'd for nobler ends, in springs shall flow,
Refresh the hills, and cheer the vales below ;
There the wild beasts their scorching thirst allay ;
There the herds wander, and the lambkins play.
- 5 There mid the groves shall build the feather'd race,
His bounty sing, and teach mankind to praise ;
The springing grass the useful ox sustain ;
The ripening corn support the race of man ;
Bread nerve the heart, with oil the aspect shine,
And the glad bosom warm with cheerful wine.
- 6 On lofty Lebanon his cedars stand,
Rear'd by his power, and planted by his hand ;
There birds of stronger wing securely rest,
High on the fir the stork erects her nest ;

O'er craggy mountains roams the browsing flock,
And feebler conies seek the sheltering rock.

7 He form'd for measur'd months the changing
moon ;

For circling days decreed the steady sun :
Dun night ascends ; the wild beast roams abroad ;
Young lions roar, and ask their meat from God ;
Aw'd by the morn, they fly their bloody spoil,
And man securely seeks his daily toil.

8 How vast, how various, are thy wond'rous ways !
All plann'd by wisdom ! all replete with praise !
Blest by thy bounty, earth with treasures glows ;
Stor'd with thy riches, teeming ocean flows :
There ships mysterious wind their watery way ;
There scaly nations swim, and monsters play.

9 All nature's millions wait thy dread command,
And take their timely portion from thy hand ;
Each tastes the share, by thee on each bestow'd,
And feasts, delighted, on sufficient good.
Veil'd is thy face ; each drooping creature dies ;
Thy Spirit breathes, and new-born millions rise.

10 To thee my life shall be a life of praise ;
To me most sweet thy name, and works and ways ;
While the world shakes beneath thine awful eye,
The touch'd hills burn, and haughty sinners die,
Thy glory round the skies shall ever shine,
And all thy creatures yield thee joy divine.

PSALM 105. Common Metre. Abridged.

God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace ;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,

- To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abraham and his seed;
And made the blessing sure ;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 " Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
(Said the Almighty voice)
" And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
" The type of heavenly joys."
- 5 [How large the grant ! how rich the grace !
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little, feeble band !
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd ;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely be reprov'd.
- 7 " Touch mine Anointed, and my arm
" Shall soon revenge the wrong ;
" The man that does my prophets harm,
" Shall know their God is strong."
- 8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear :
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]*
- PAUSE I.
- 9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness, darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
He made each lake, and every stream,
A lake, a stream of blood.

- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread ;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew ;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died ;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear :
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground ;
Egyptian spoils supply'd their need,
Nor was one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right ;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type
Of everflowing grace !
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
Through all this wilderness.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty's hand,
The chosen tribes possess

Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PSALM 106. 1-5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Praise to God; or, Communion with saints.

- 1 **T**HO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed,
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 Oh, may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. 7, 8, 12-14, 42-48. *Second Part.*

Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;

But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believ'd his word,
While rocks with rivers flow ;

Now with their lusts provok'd the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He harken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes :
Oft he chastis'd but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all their praise.

PSALM 107. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and the Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode ;

Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide ;
He led their march far wandering round ;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 8 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name ;
God and his grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry souls with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies ;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord ;
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found ;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
 He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade,
 That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling prisoners through ;
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the labouring soul relief.
- 6 Oh, may the sons of men record
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *Third Part. Long Metre.*

*Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, A Psalm for
 the glutton and drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own punishment :
 What pains, what loathsome maladies
 From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
 'Till all his active powers are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat ;
 His soul abhors delicious meat ;
 Nature with heavy loads opprest,
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Behold the frightened sinners fly
 To God for help with earnest cry !
 He hears their groans ; prolongs their breath,
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure
 So quick, so easy, or so sure :

The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word and heals.

- 6 Oh, may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

*Deliverance from storms and shipwreck ; or, The sea-
man's song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind ;
'Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affright young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage ;
The furious waves forget their rage ;
'Tis calm ; the sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 Oh, may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.*The mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the towering waves ;
 The men astonish'd mount the skies,
 And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
 And plunge in deeps again ;
 Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
 And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
 They pant with fluttering breath,
 And hopeless of the distant shore,
 Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He hears their loud request,
 And orders silence through the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storm allay'd :
 Now to their eyes the port appears ;
 There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;
 Let stupid mortals know,
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow.
- 8 Oh, that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord !
 And those that see thy wond'rous ways.
 Thy wond'rous love record.

PSALM 107. *Last Part.* Long Metre.*Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.*

A Psalm for New-England.

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands;
Their princes die by barbarous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;

And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

- 9 How few with pious care record
These wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find,
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 108. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his care of the church.

- 1 **A** GAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.
- 2 Ye saints rejoice; ye nations hear;
While I your Maker's praise declare;
High o'er the clouds his truth ascends;
Through earth, thro' heaven his grace extends.
- 3 O'er heaven exalted is his throne;
In every world his glory shown;
The church he loves, his hand shall save
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.
- 4 Ye kingdoms, hear his awful voice;
"In Zion shall my heart rejoice;
"This hand shall all her foes dismay,
"And make their scattered strength a prey.
- 5 "Mine are the sons of Zion, mine
"Their glory, grace, and truth divine;
"My sceptre shines in Judah's hands,
"And still my strength in Ephraim stands.
- 6 "My foes to ruin shall be given,
"The shame of earth, the scorn of heaven;
"Their eyes shall see my church prevail;
"Their strength shall shrink, their courage fail."
- 7 O thou, beneath whose sovereign sway
Nations, and worlds, in dust decay,

Though thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,
Thine aid denied, thy presence gone ;

- 8 Yet wilt thou still with love return ;
With duty teach our hearts to burn ;
Our dying graces, Lord, revive,
And bid thy fainting children live.
- 9 Save us from sin, and fear, and wo,
From every snare, and every foe,
And help us boldly to contend,
Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

PSALM 109. Ver. 1—5, 31. Common Metre.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes ?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name,
 I shall defeat their pride and rage
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Christ exalted and multitudes converted; or, The success
 of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
 "At my right hand, 'till I shall make
 "Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall shew thy power is great,
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 "And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
 What a large victory shall ensue!
 And converts who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "And change from hand to hand no more."
- 2 "Aaron and all his sons must die:
 "But everlasting life is thine;
 "To save for ever those that fly
 "For refuge from the wrath divine."

- 3 By me Melchisedek was made
 "On earth a king and priest at once ;
 "And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
 "And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
- 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel ;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood ;
 The sufferings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110. Common Metre.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit :
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore :
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "When Aaron is no more.
- 4 "Melchisedek, that wond'rous priest,
 "That king of high degree ;
 "That holy man who Abraham blest,
 "Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 His lofty throne maintain,
 And strike the powers and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God :
 He hath my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact his nature's frame !
 How wise th' Eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his covenant sure :
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 Who best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111. *Second Part.* Common Metre.*The perfections of God.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, his works of might
 Demand our noblest songs :
 Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
 He gives his children food ;
 And ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
 To seal his covenant sure :
 Holy and reverend is his name ;
 His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They, that would grow divinely wise,
 Must with his fear begin ;
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. *Proper Metre.* *As the 113th.**The blessings of the liberal man.*

- 1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law :
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
 An inexhausted treasury,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His liberal favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends :
 A generous pity fills his mind :
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd :

The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.

- 4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
 His conscience holds his courage up ;
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart, that fix'd on God, relies,
 Though waves and tempests roar around ;
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony,
 To find their expectations crost ;
 To see their envy, pride and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112. Long Metre.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 **T**HRIECE happy man, who fears the Lord,
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
 Honour and peace his days attend,
 And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
 To works of mercy still inclin'd ;
 He lends the poor some present aid,
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
 That fill his neighbours round with dread;

His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God, with all his power, is there.

- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind ;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord :
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Metre.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
 'The honours of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
 The heavens are far below his height :
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sovereign hands exalt the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name ;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys :
 Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing ;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 'The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty ;

Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare ?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 Behold his love, he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do ;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice ;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done :
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
Though nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep.
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;

- Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide ?
 Or Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The King of Israel, see him here ;
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
 The rock to standing pools he turns ;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM II 5. Long Metre.

The true God our refuge ; or, Idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due ;
 'Tis thine, great God, the only just,
 The only gracious, wise, and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name ;
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
 Say, " Where's the God you've serv'd so long ?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
 Through all the earth his will is done,
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood ;
 At best a mass of glittering ore,
 A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head ;
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind :

In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Israel ! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise ;
They dwell in silence and the grave ;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115. Proper Metre. As the new tune of the
50th Psalm.

Popish idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due :
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name.
Shine thro' the earth from heaven thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathens say, ' And where's your God ?'
- 2 Heaven is thy higher court : there stands thy
throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done ;
Earth is thy work ; the heavens thy wisdom spread ;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears ;
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;

- Their helpless hands and feet can never move ;
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor
 love ;
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ;
 The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron, carve the senseless stock,
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock :
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods, that saws and hammers made.]
- 5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say
 Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they.
 O Israel ! trust the Lord ; he hears and sees ;
 He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace ;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield ;
 He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.
- 6 O Zion ! trust the Lord : thy foes in vain
 Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign ;
 Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise ;
 But we are sav'd, and live ; let songs arise,
 And saints adore the God, that built the skies.

PSALM 116. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan ;
 Long as I live when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; he bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my griefs away ;
 Oh, let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead,

- While inward pangs, and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just ;
"Thy power can rescue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. 12, &c. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*Vows made in trouble, paid in the church ; or, Public
thanks for private deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight !
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;

Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

- 2 His mercy reigns through every land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand :
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 117. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure.

'Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

PSALM 118. 6—15. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid ;
Whate'er the sons of earth may do,
Since heaven affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm ;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong ;
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round ;
When God appears they fly :
So burning thorns with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs ;
'The Lord protects their days :
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. 17—21. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave,

Now shall he live ; (for none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath ;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there ;
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise ;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. 22, 23. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Christ the foundation of his Church.

1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is his name !
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain :
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this bulding rise ;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. 24, 25, 26. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save their sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118. 22, 27. Short Metre.

An Hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As a chief Corner Stone.

- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118. 22, 27. Long Metre.

An Hosanna for the Lord's day ; or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

- 1 **L**O ! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse ;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.
- 2 Great God ! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints be glad ;
Hosanna ! let his name be blest ;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race ;

Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, instead of the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c.* as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy Scriptures.

PSALM 119. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
 And keep my face from shame,
 When all thy statutes I obey,
 And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
 The proud shall die accurst ;
 The sons of falsehood and deceit
 Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are ;
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness ; or, Constant converse with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray ;
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up ;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee :

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Professions of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

- 2 I chose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice :
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Oh, save thy servant, Lord !

Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus 'till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourth Part. Common Metre.*

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;

I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. *Fifth Part.* Common Metre.

Delight in scripture ; or, The word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

1 **O**H, how I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord,

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !

And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heavenly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;
 Not honey dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. *Sixth Part.* Common Metre.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just ;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
 I keep thy laws in sight,
 Through all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be !"

My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *Seventh Part.* Common Metre.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book ;
Great God ! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall !
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;

But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only in the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Eighth Part.* Common Metre.

The word of God is the saint's portion ; or, The excellency and variety of scripture.

Ver. 111. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight,
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies :
- 4 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. *Ninth Part.* Common Metre.

Desire of knowledge ; or, The teaching of the Spirit with the word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord ;
How good thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
 My service is thy due ;
 Oh, make thy servant understand
 The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid ;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
 Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
 Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
 Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,
 And heavenly truth impart,
 His work for ever I'll pursue,
 His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
 Variety of grief ;
 It made me learn thy word the more,
 And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now ;
 I'll ne'er forget thy law,
 Nor let that blessed gospel go,
 Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 29, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
 I'll teach the world his ways ;

My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM 119. *Tenth Part.* Common Metre.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail:
Oh, bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord!
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. *Eleventh Part.* Common Metre.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 **O**H, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

- 2 Oh, send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip :
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. *Twelfth Part.* Common Metre.*Breathing after comfort and deliverance.*

Ver. 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause ;
 Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
 I can't forget thy laws.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear ;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress ;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

- 4 Mine eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
“ When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
“ And make my comforts rise ?”

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same :
As thou art ever wont t’ afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. *Thirtieth Part.* Common Metre.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I’ve sought thy face,
Oh, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner’s way !

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I’ve hid within my heart
To keep the conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
 Who fear and love the Lord ;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
 When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
 My spirit stands in awe ;
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,
 But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
 The threat'nings of thy word ;
 My flesh with holy trembling fears
 The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
 For thy salvation still ;
 While thy whole law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourteenth Part.* Common Metre.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send ;
 My soul for thy salvation faints ;
 When will my troubles end ?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod ;
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
 When new distress begins ;
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, opprest with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe :
 The sharpest sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
 My feet were apt to stray ;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. *Fifteenth Part.* Common Metre.

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 **O**H, that thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind !
 Thence I derive a quickening power,
 And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;
 Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
Should'st thou my heart discharge
From sin, and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. *Sixteenth Part.* Common Metre.*Prayer for quickening grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;

Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace !

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Seventeenth Part.* Long Metre.

*Courage and perseverance under persecution ; or, Grace
shining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word :
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws ;

But I shall trust and fear thy name,
 'Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. *Last Part.* Long Metre.

Sanctified afflictions ; or, Delight in the word of God.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That fore'd my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wandering soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
 I left my guide, and lost my way,
 But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell :
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more,
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my soul within :
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
 At my salvation shall rejoice :

For I have hoped in thy word
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. Common Metre.

*Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, a devout wish
for peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?
- 2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 Oh, might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but, when I speak,
'They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong,
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue?
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made ;
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest ;
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day ;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch : no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And in thy last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God,

PSALM 121. Common Metre.

Preservation by day and night.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide, nor fall,
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.

- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure ;
 Thy keeper is the Lord :
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite ;
 He shields my head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 'Till God command thee home.

PSALM 121. *As the 148th Psalm.* Proper Metre.

God our preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes ;
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made ;
 God is the tower
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. Common Metre.

Going to church.

1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road :
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell ;
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Metre.

Going to church.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 " Come, let us seek our God to-day :"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows ;
 "Peace to this sacred house ;"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 123. Common Metre.

Pleading with submission.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke ;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God ;
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 'Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those, that in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride ;
 And thy delays of merey give
 Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies ;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. Long Metre.

A song for public deliverance from great calamities.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel say,
 Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,

- When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide.
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll ;
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare ;
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies ;
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125. Common Metre.

The saint's trial and safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fix'd as mountains be,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion still allays
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,

To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
Which the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125. Short Metre.

The saint's trial and safety; or, Moderated afflictions.

1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Fix'd as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must receive our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. Long Metre.

Surprising deliverance.

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme ;
 A grace beyond our hopes so great,
 That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honours to thy name ;
 While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable conversion ; or, Melancholy removed.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasant dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
 And own'd thy power divine ;
 "Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
 "And be the glory thine."

- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
 'Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
 It shan't deceive their hope ;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. Long Metre.

The blessings of God on the business and comforts of life.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost ;
 If God the city will not keep,
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What though you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done ;
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,
 To shun that poverty you dread ;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest :
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God, our sovereign, make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends :
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,
 When they are season'd with his love !

PSALM 127. Common Metre.

God all in all.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain ;

- And towns without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And 'till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
In vain, 'till God has blest ;
But if his smiles attend your care,
Ye shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. Common Metre.

Family blessings.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe ;
Whose lips to God their honours yield,
Whose life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
And on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come ;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase ;

Shall see the sinking church arise,
And leave the word in peace.

PSALM 129. Common Metre.

Persecutors punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep ;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]
- 8 [So corn, that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives ;

The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves :

- 9 It springs and withers on the place ;
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust ;
Let Israel seek his face ;

The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd ;
The great Redeemer is his Son ;
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 130. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day ;
So waits my soul before thy gate ;
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son ;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done,

PSALM 131. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;

Or do I act a haughty part ?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the settlement of a church ; or, the ordination of a minister.

1 **W**HERE shall we go, to seek and find
 A habitation for our God ;
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
 Among the sons of flesh and blood ?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
 And Zion is his dwelling still ;
 His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;
 Here shall my power and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread ;
 Sinners, that wait before my door,
 With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
 My priests, my ministers shall shine :
 Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 Made an appearance so divine.

- 6 The saints, unable to contain
 Their inward joy, shall shout and sing ;
 The Son of David here shall reign ;
 And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed
 Born here, t' uphold his glorious name ;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

PSALM 132. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Common Metre.

A Church established.

- 1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes,
 Good David would afford,
 'Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
 His ark was settled there :
 To Zion the whole nation came,
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad ;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

- 4 Arise, O King of grace ! arise,
 And enter to thy rest ;
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy word :
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows ;
 Here let thy praise be spread ;

Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign ;
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree ;
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head ;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. Short Metre.

Communion of saints ; or, Love and worship in a family.

1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,

Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. *As the 122d Psalm.* Proper Metre

The blessings of friendship.

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

☞ Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 134. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotion.

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wond'rous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high !
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Sion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *First Part.*

Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;
To praise his name is sweet employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends :
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love ;
 People and priests exalt his name :
 Among his saints he ever dwells ;
 His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. 5—15. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel,
 and destruction of enemies.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
 Above all powers and every throne ;
 Whate'er he pleas'd in earth or sea,
 Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
 The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;
 He pours the rain, he brings the wind
 And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
 O Egypt, through thy stubborn land !
 When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
 Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
 He slew, and their whole country gave
 To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
 That saves us from the hosts of hell :
 And heaven he gives us to possess,
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
 Your sweetest passions raise ;
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.

- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ ;
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth and sea, confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapours rise ;
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd,
 Is found with him alone ;
 But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones, they trust,
 Can give them showers of rain ?
 In vain they worship wood or dust,
 And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
 Such as their makers gave ;
 Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
 Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
 Nor hear when mortals pray ;
 Mortals, that wait for their relief,
 Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Zion, trust the living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear ;
 He makes thy courts his blest abode,
 And claims thine honours there.

PSALM 136. Common Metre.

*God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of
 Israel, and salvation of his people.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord ;
 " His mercies still endure ;"
 And be the King of kings ador'd,
 " His truth is ever sure."

- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
 " How mighty is his hand !"
 Heaven, earth and sea, he fram'd alone ;
 " How wide is his command !"
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light :
 " How bright his counsels shine !"
 The moon and stars adorn the night :
 " His works are all divine."
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead :
 " How dreadful is his rod !"
 And thence with joy his people led :
 " How gracious is our God !"
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
 " His arm is great in might ;"
 And gave the tribes a passage through ;
 " His power and grace unite."
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd :
 " How glorious are his ways !"
 And brought his saints through desert ground :
 " Eternal be his praise."
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand :
 " Victorious is his sword ;"
 While Israel took the promis'd land ;
 " And faithful is his word."]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin :
 " He felt his pity move :"
 How sad the state the world was in !
 " How boundless was his love !"
- 9 He sent to save us from our wo ;
 " His goodness never fails ;"
 From death and hell, and every foe ;
 " And still his grace prevails."
- 10 Give thanks to God the heavenly King ;
 " His mercies still endure,"

Let the whole earth his praises sing ;

“ His truth is ever sure.”

PSALM 136. *As the 148th Psalm.* Proper Metre.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,

The universal Lord ;
The sovereign King of kings ;
And be his grace ador'd.

“ His power and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

2 How mighty is his hand !

What wonders hath he done ?

He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,

To crown the day with light ;

The moon and twinkling stars,

To cheer the darksome night.

“ His power and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

4 [He smote the first-born sons,

The flower of Egypt, dead ;

And thence his chosen tribes

With joy and glory led.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

5 His power and lifted rod
 Cleft the Red Sea in two ;
 And for his people made
 A wond'rous passage through.

“ His power and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
 With all his host he drown'd,
 And brought his Israel safe
 Through a long desert ground.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
 Beneath his dreadful hand ;
 While his own servants took
 Possession of their land.

“ His power and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”]

8 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

9 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our wo,

From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

“ His power and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

PSALM 136. Abridged. Long Metre.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :

“ Wonders of grace to God belong,

“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :

“ His mercies ever shall endure,

“ When lords and kings are known no more.”

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :

“ Wonders of grace to God belong,

“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :

“ His mercies ever shall endure,

“ When suns and moons shall shine no more.”

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land :

“ Wonders of grace to God belong,

“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within :
 " His mercies ever shall endure,
 " When death and sin shall reign no more."
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
 " Wonders of grace to God belong,
 " Repeat his mercies in your song."
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat :
 " His mercies ever shall endure,
 " When this vain world shall be no more."

PSALM 137. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The sorrows of Israel in the Babylonish captivity.

- 1 **B**Y Babel's streams the captives sate,
 And wept for Zion's hapless fate ;
 Useless their harps on willows hung,
 While foes requir'd a sacred song.
- 2 With taunting voice, and scornful eye,
 " Sing us a song of heaven," they cry.
 " While foes deride our God, and King,
 " How can we tune our harps or sing !"
- 3 " If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
 " Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
 " Let useful skill our hands forsake ;
 " Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break."
- 4 " Thou, ruin'd Salem, to our eyes
 " Each day in sad remembrance rise !
 " Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
 " Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues."
- 5 " Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
 " Who cry'd, exulting at our groans,
 " While Salem trembled to her base,
 " Rase them ; her deep foundations rase."

- 6 While thus they sung, the mourners view'd
 Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdu'd,
 And saw his glory rise, who spread
 Their streets, and fields, with hosts of dead.
- 7 Pleas'd, they foresaw the blest decree,
 That set their tribes from bondage free ;
 Renew'd the temple, and restor'd
 The sacred worship of the Lord.

PSALM 137. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Church's complaint.

- 1 **L**ORD, in these dark and dismal days,
 We mourn the hidings of thy face ;
 Proud enemies our path surround,
 To level Zion with the ground.
- 2 Her songs, her worship they deride,
 And hiss thy word with tongues of pride,
 And cry, t' insult our humble prayer,
 " Where is your God, ye Christians, where ?"
- 3 Errors, and sins, and follies grow ;
 Thy saints bow down in deepest wo ;
 Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
 And thousands walk with Christ no more.
- 4 To happier days our bosoms turn ;
 Those days but teach us how to mourn :
 The God, who bade his mercy flow,
 In wrath withdraws his blessing now.
- 5 The blessing from thy truth's withdrawn ;
 Its quickening, saving influence gone :
 Unwarn'd, unwaken'd sinners hear,
 Nor see their awful danger near.
- 6 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
 Thy Spirit shed his healing powers ;
 The thirsty ground is parch'd beneath,
 And all is barrenness, and death.

- 7 Yet still, thy name be ever blest,
 On thee our hope shall safely rest ;
 Zion her Cyrus soon shall see
 Array'd to set his Israel free.
- 8 Jesus, with vengeance arm'd, shall come
 To crush his foes, and seal their doom,
 The mystic Babel whelm in dust,
 Her pomp, her idols, power, and trust.
- 9 Then shall thy saints exult, and sing
 The matchless glories of their King ;
 Nations before his altar bend,
 And peace from realm to realm extend.

PSALM 137. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

Love to the Church.

1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
 With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God !
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
 My voice, or hands, deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare, or her wo,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 'Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

PSALM 138. Long Metre.

Restoring and preserving grace.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song :
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
 Shall witness my devotion there ;
 While holy zeal directs mine eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all thy works and names below
 So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose ;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud and scorns the great ;
 But from his throne descends, to see
 The sons of humble poverty.

- 6 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows and from sins :
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through,
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand :
 On every side I find thy hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 How awful is thy searching eye !
 Thy knowledge, Oh, how deep ! how high !
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
 " Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 " Nor let my weaker passions dare
 " Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy service and thy love,

Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light :
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 " Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
" Nor let my weaker passions dare
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize my foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 " Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
" Nor let my weaker passions dare
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* Long Metre.*The wonderful formation of man.*

- 1 'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame :
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
 'Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
 And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
 (The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
 Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last to shew my Maker's name,
 God stamp'd his image on my frame,
 And in some unknown moment join'd
 The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
 And all the passions of the man :
 Great God, our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The power of numbers to recount :
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still imprest,
 With these I give my eyes to rest :

And at my waking hours I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity professed and grace tried; or, The heart-searching God.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
Oh, turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* Common Metre.

God is every where.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,

Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins posscest,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part :
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thine art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature, join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh, may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 140. *First Part.* Long Metre.*A prayer against public enemies.*

- 1 **O** LORD, the God of heaven and earth,
From men of violence defend,
That cherish mischief from their birth ;
Thy suppliants save ; thy mercy send.
- 2 By night they form'd the accurs'd design,
And lie in wait against our peace ;
By day their bands in war combine,
Thy saints to slaughter and oppress.
- 3 In fields of blood their souls delight,
In waste and plunder, death and pain ;
Against thy church, and thee, unite ;
Alike the foes of God and man.
- 4 O thou preserver of mankind,
Our hope, our shield, our strength, our God !
Thou hast an ear to prayer inclin'd,
Our cries have reach'd thy dread abode.
- 5 Our cause thy justice will maintain,
Avenge th' oppress'd, and guard the poor ;
Ne'er shall thy children ask in vain,
And our proud foes shall boast no more.
- 6 Their banded hosts shall fly or fall ;
A shaking leaf their thousands chase ;
Our God shall hear our nation's call ;
We shall be sav'd and sing his praise.

PSALM 140. *Second Part.* Short Metre.*A complaint against personal enemies.*

- 1 **M**Y God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 With poison in their lips,
 And with a serpent's tongue,
 They sting my fainting soul to death,
 And make my name their song.

3 Ceaseless they lie in wait
 My footsteps to betray ;
 They hide their snare, they set their gin,
 Beside my peaceful way.

4 Oh, hear my humble cry !
 Their fondest hopes destroy ;
 Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
 And blast their envious joy.

5 On their own heads shall fall
 The mischiefs they devise ;
 Thy hand shall take them in their net,
 Their slanders and their lies.

6 As coals and wood consume,
 As pits receive the slain,
 So shall the men of malice sink,
 And never rise again.

7 The Lord, who hates the proud,
 Shall scorch the slanderous tongue,
 Shall hunt the wicked from the earth,
 And well requite their wrong.

8 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
 And bid th' afflicted sing ;
 Before thee shall thy children dwell,
 Their Father and their King.

PSALM 141. 2, 3, 4, 5. Long Metre.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,

And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief ;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break :
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Knows every way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone ;
While friends and strangers pass me by
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then I did raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near ;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend ;

And make my foes who vex me know,
I've an Almighty Friend,

- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name ;
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God !
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne ;
Oh, make thy truth and mercy known !
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace ;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No living man is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within ;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands, for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove ;
And God for ever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave ;

My heart grows faint, and dim mine eyes ;
Make haste to help before I die.

- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears ;
Oh, might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice !
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high ;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go ;
If snares and foes beset the road
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill ;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain ;
The tempter then shall rage in vain ;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. *First Part.* 1, 2. Common Metre.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
 Does my weak courage raise :
 He makes the glorious victory mine ;
 And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. *Second Part.* 3, 4, 5, 6.

Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
 Born of the earth at first !
 His life a shadow, light and vain,
 Still hastening to the dust.
- 2 Oh, what is feeble dying man,
 Or any of his race,
 That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace.
- 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the worlds above,
 While mountains tremble at his frown,
 How wond'rous is his love !

PSALM 144. 12—15. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Grace above riches ; or, The happy nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons
 Like pillars round a palace set,
 And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
 Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
 Cattle, and corn, have large increase ;
 Where men securely work or sleep,
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd :
 But more divinely blest are those,
 On whom the all-sufficient God,
 Himself with all his grace bestows,

PSALM 145. Long Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear :
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine :
 Let Zion in her courts proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise ;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM 145. 1—7, 11, 13. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy shall be the same,
 In the bright world above.

- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
 And let his praise be great :
 I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways :
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known :
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
 With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love :
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. *Second Part.* 7, &c. Common Metre.

The goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King :
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food ;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow thine anger moves !
 But soon he sends his pardoning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

Mercy to sufferers ; or, God hearing prayer.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distrest,
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
 And guides our giddy youth ;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere ;
 He saves the souls, whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay
 And pierce their hearts with pain ;
 But none that serve the Lord shall say,
 "They sought his aid in vain."]

- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.]

PSALM 145. Proper Metre. *As the New 50th.*

The kingdom and perfections of God.

- 1 **T**O bless the Lord let every land combine ;
 Your hearts and minds, your harps and voices join.
 Each opening dawn shall hear my songs arise ;
 Each evening waft its incense to the skies :
 All praise, all love, his boundless glories claim,
 The praise of saints, the seraph's sacred flame.
- 2 Thy kingdom fills duration's endless rounds,
 And, with immensity, it knows no bounds ;
 O'er earth, o'er heaven, o'er hell extends thy sway,
 Angels, archangels, thrones and powers obey ;
 All scenes, all worlds, confess thy hand divine ;
 And seas, and skies, and stars, and suns are thine.
- 3 How vast thy works ! how various are thy ways !
 What themes divine of rapture, and of praise !
 What countless wonders in creation blend !
 What wonders through thy providence extend !
 Surpassing every bound of space and time ;
 Great beyond thought ; beyond the heavens sublime.
- 4 How just thy ruling hand ! thine empire round,
 No stain, no fault, no error can be found :
 Divinely pure, all purity above,
 Unfolding wisdom, and inspiring love :
 Thy love, thy wisdom, shall my songs inspire,
 And listening nations catch the sacred fire.
- 5 The world's wide frame thy mighty hand upholds !
 What glories there preserving power unfolds !

- What order, harmony, and beauty, shine !
 Peace all thy kingdom ! all thy rule divine !
 Thy haughty foes are scatter'd at thy nod,
 And suffering saints, sustain'd, confess their God.
- 6 All worlds, all beings, in thy presence live,
 And taste the good, thy ceaseless bounties give ;
 Each day, each hour, ascend their waiting eyes ;
 Each passing moment yields them fresh supplies :
 Thy sun illumines, delights, supports with good,
 And timely seasons shower the plenteous food.
- 7 Thy hands upraise the fal'n ; defend the poor ;
 Avenge bold wrongs ; invaded rights secure ;
 Thy wond'rous acts, each race of man declares ;
 We to our sons, and they again to theirs ;
 The heart, the song, thy goodness shall inspire,
 When heavens grow dark, and earth dissolves in
 fire.
- 8 But chief thy children know thy tender care,
 Feast on thy grace, thy boundless pity share :
 To anger slow, in mercy swift to hear,
 Each filial cry shall find a Father near,
 A faithful Friend, to love, to bless, to save,
 In life, in death, and worlds beyond the grave.
- 9 Through all thy works thy pure perfections shine,
 In beauty, grandeur, power, and grace divine ;
 From all, thy hand unmeasur'd bliss shall bring,
 From evil good, from darkness glory spring :
 Angels and saints proclaim thy spotless ways,
 And earth's wide regions hymn immortal praise.

PSALM 146. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In works so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146. Proper Metre. *As the 113th Psalm.*

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood :

Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind :
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let every tongue, let every age
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound ;
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
 And all his glories infinite :
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky :
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force ?
 The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
 The nimble wit, the active limb,
 Are all too mean delights for him.
- 8 The saints are lovely in his sight :
 He views his children with delight :
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks, and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Summer and Winter.

- 1 **B**LESS, O thou western world, thy God,
 And make his honours known abroad ;
 He bids the sea before thee flow ;
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so :

- 2 Thy children are secure and blest,
 Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest :
 He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
 Thine early and thy latter rains ;
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;
 His hail descends with clattering sound :
 Where is the man so vainly bold,
 That dare defy his dreadful cold ?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow :
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call thy children to his praise.
- 6 To all thy sons his laws are shown ;
 His gospel through the nation known :
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word
 To every land : Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. 7—9, 13—18. Common Metre.

The seasons of the year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.

- 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word, and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last.

In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wond'rous name,
 And speak his praise.

PAUSE

5 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 And fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,

From sea and shore
 Their tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow
 To execute his word.

When lightnings shine,
 Or thunders roar,

Let earth adore
His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear ;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.
- 8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King ;
And, while you rule us here,
His heavenly honour sing :
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.
- 9 Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join ;
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love ;
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM 148. *Paraphrased.* Long Metre.*Universal praise to God.*

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell ;
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

NOTE.—*This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name displays,
 But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the
 Long Metre.*

- 2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns !
 Let every angel bend the knee ;
 Sing of his love in heavenly strains ;
 And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
 An awful throne of shining bliss !
 Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell
 How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
 In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
 Let the sweet whisper of his name
 Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
 To join their praise with blazing fire ;
 Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
 In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
 Valleys lie low before his eye ;
 And let his praise from every hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
 Bend your high branches and adore :
 Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
 The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
 Nature demands a song from you :
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream,
 Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
 When nature all around you sings ?
 Oh, for a shout from old and young,
 From humble swains and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known ;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
 Oh, may it dwell on every tongue ;
 But saints, who best have known the Lord,
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
 From all below, and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord !

PSALM 148. Short Metre.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God ;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
 And moon, with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wond'rous frame :
 By his command they stand, or move,
 And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers, or snow ;
 Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
 His honours be exprest ;
 But saints that taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise ;
 Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
 And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
 Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze,
 Ye live upon his daily food,
 And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
 On high his praises bear ;
 Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
 Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants, and worms,
 His various wisdom show ;
 And flies, in all your shining swarms,
 Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
 His honours be exprest ;
 But saints that know his heavenly grace,
 Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King ;
 Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
 Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
 To sound his praises high ;
 While growing babes, and withering age,
 Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise :
 God is the Lord ; his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest ;
 But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
 Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. Common Metre.

Praise God all his saints ; or, The saints judging the world.

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new ;
 And the church with cheerful voice,
 His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing ;

- And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn ;
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed ;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword ;
And vengeance shall attend their songs ;
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel ;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford ;
Such honour for the saints remains :
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. 1, 2, 6. Common Metre.

A song of Praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise ;
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;

But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest :
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

PSALM 150. Proper Metre. *As the 148th Psalm.*

Universal praise to God.

- 1 **I**N Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin ;
Where acts of faith and love
With ceaseless beauty shine :
In mercy there
While God is known,
Before his throne
With songs appear.
- 2 In heaven, his house on high,
Ye angels, lift your voice ;
Let heavenly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice :
The glories sing
That ever shine,
With pomp divine
Around your King.
- 3 His wond'rous acts demand,
His wisdom and his grace,
The labours of our hands,
And transports of our praise :
Rehearse his name
To every shore,
Where'er his power
His works proclaim.
- 4 Let the trump's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,

The organ's solemn peal,
 United praise resound,
 To swell the song
 With highest joy,
 Let man employ
 His tuneful tongue.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

LONG METRE.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

COMMON METRE.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death ;
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

SHORT METRE.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

AS THE 113th PSALM.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Eternal praise and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

AS THE 148th PSALM.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God the Spirit, praise.
 With all our powers,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS.

AN INDEX,

OR TABLE, TO FIND A PSALM SUITED TO PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS.

NOTE.—*In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found, by turning a leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same signification; or seek it under some of the more general words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.

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HYMNS

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AND VARIOUS OTHER WRITERS.

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THE
ANNALS

OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FOR THE YEAR 1841

CONTAINING
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY
AND THE PAPERS OF THE MEMBERS

IN THE YEAR 1841

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN 1. Proper Metre. *As the 143th Psalm.*

Dr. Watts.

The divine perfections.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs.
Strong is his arm
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sovereign will.

- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN 2. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

- 1 [CAN creatures to perfection,* find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 †He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
‡The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

* *Job xi. 7, &c.*

† *Job xxv. 5.*

‡ *Job xxvi. 11, &c.*

- 7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways :
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

HYMN 3. Com. Met. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

Divine sovereignty ; or, God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a Volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

- 7 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes ;
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 Oh, may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

HYMN 4. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

God far above all creatures ; or, Man vain and mortal.

Job iv. 17—21.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
 Contend with their Creator, God ?
 Shall mortal worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just, than he ?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
 Of all the spirits round his throne ;
 Their natures, when compar'd with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
 We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
 We die by thousands in thy sight ;
 Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
 Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;
 How frail are we ! how glorious thou !
 No more the sons of earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 5. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God's eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,

- And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime :
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come :
The creatures—look ! how old they grow.
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea all shrink away
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When this creation dies.

HYMN 6. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God our preserver.

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
While we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay :
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ,

Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that form'd us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 He spoke, and strait the heart and brain
In all their motions rose ;
Let blood, said he, flow round each vein,
And round each vein it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore :
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 7. Long Metre. Beddome.

The wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 8. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Divine wrath and mercy: from Nahum i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
 Is a * *consuming fire* ;
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
 And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns !
 How bright his fury glows !
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms
 Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
 Are forc'd into a flame ;
 But kindled, Oh, how fierce they blaze !
 And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach, the mountains flee,
 And seek a watery grave ;
 The frighted sea makes haste away,
 And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
 Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd :
 Who dares to meet his fiery rage,
 That shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty God ! thy sovereign grace
 Sits regent on the throne,
 The refuge of thy chosen race,
 When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
 A fiery tempest pour ;
 While we beneath thy sheltering wings,
 Thy righteous hand adore.

HYMN 9. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

God's condescension to human affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord, who reigns on high,
 And views the nations from afar,

* *Ileb. xii. 29.*

- Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod ;
His goodness, how divinely great !
What condescension in our God.
- 3 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.
- 7 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 10. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God my only happiness. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beam creates my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And while upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things ;
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee !
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me !
- 7 If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars mine own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 11. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence ;

Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise ;
Th' obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea ;
And rides the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN 12. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,

Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 13. Long Metre. Dr. Watts

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
“I sit upon my holy throne ;
“My name is God, I dwell on high,
“And fill my own eternity.
- 2 “But I descend to worlds below,
“On earth I have a mansion too ;
“And never from the contrite heart
“And humble soul will I depart.
- 3 “The broken spirit I revive ;
“I bid the mourning sinner live ;
“Heal all the broken hearts I find,
“And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 “[When I contend against their sin,
“I make them know how vile they’ve been ;
“But should my wrath for ever smoke,
“Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.”
- 5 Oh, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.]

HYMN 14. Common Metre. Steele.

The goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,

- For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 15. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

The doctrine of the trinity, and the use of it. Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name,
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 [Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died, to make our peace.]

- 3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in heaven and earth combine
In harmony and praise.

HYMN 16. Common Metre. Medley.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]

- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, angel-throng.
- 7 [Oh, for a glance of heavenly love
 Our hearts and songs to raise;
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays!]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high;
 "Good will and peace are now complete,
 "Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 17. Common Metre. Tate and Brady.

For the nativity of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

Luke ii. 8—15

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 "To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 "Is born of David's line,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 "And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 "To human view display'd,

“ All meanly wrapp’d in swathing bands,
 “ And in a manger laid.”

- 5 Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
 Appear’d a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Address’d their joyful song :
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,
 “ And to the earth be peace ;
 “ Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
 “ Begin, and never cease,”

HYMN 18. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The deity and humanity of Christ. John i. 1, 3, 14. and
 Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch’d abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word !
 With God he was ; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador’d.
- 2 By his own power were all things made ;
 By him supported all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation’s head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the hosts of morning stars ;
 (His generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of his years ?)
- 4 But lo ! he leaves those heavenly forms,
 The Word descends, and dwells in clay,
 That he may converse hold with worms,
 Dress’d in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
 Th’ eternal Father’s only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace !
 When through his eyes the Godhead shone !

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 19. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

The nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 **B**EHOLD the grace appears,
 The promise is fulfill'd ;
 Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
 And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
 Calls him his only Son ;
 He bids him rule the lands abroad,
 And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
 With a peculiar sway ;
 The nations shall his grace obtain,
 His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
 A heavenly form appears ;
 He tells the shepherds of their joys,
 And banishes their fears.

5 *Go, humble swains, said he,
 To David's city fly ;
 The promis'd infant, born to-day,
 Doth in a manger lie.*

6 *With looks and hearts serene,
 Go visit Christ your King ;
 And straight a flaming troop was seen ;
 The shepherds heard them sing :*

7 *Glory to God on high !
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth.*

8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs :

9 *Glory to God on high !
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.]*

HYMN 20. Common Metre. Steele.

The incarnation. John i. 14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord ;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made ;
(O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
Was once in flesh array'd !
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms ;
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !
With wonder we adore ;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN 21. Common Metre. Rippon.

The Redeemer's message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes, opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 22. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,

Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign :
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thine own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues,
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 23. Proper Metre. 148th. Dr. Watts.

The offices of Christ.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore :
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, Oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace !
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see

What forms of love
He bears for me.

- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands,
And holds the promises,
And pardons in his hands ;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne ;
To make his grace
To mortals known.]
- 4 [Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd
And peace with heaven.]
- 5 [Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide* ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
Oh, let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way !]
- 6 [I love my *Shepherd's* voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock
He calls their names :
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]
- 7 [To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause ;

He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul
 At freedom set !
 My *Surety* paid
 The dreadful debt.]

8 [*Jesus* my great *High Priest*,
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood
 Did once atone ;
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.]

9 [*My Advocate* appears,
 For my defence on high ;
 My Father bows his ear,
 And lays his thunder by.
 Not all that hell
 Or sin can say,
 Shall turn his heart,
 And love away.]

10 [*My dear almighty Lord*,
 My *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the power ;
 Behold I sit
 In willing bonds
 Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now, let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My *Captain* leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint
 Shall win the day,

Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on :
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superior power
And guardian grace.

HYMN 24. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit, and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King ;
How sweet are his commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways !
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 25. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22, 23.

- 1 **S**HALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard ?

- 2 " I was his chief delight,
 " His everlasting Son,
 " Before the first of all his works,
 " Creation was begun.
- 3 [" Before the flying clouds,
 " Before the solid land,
 " Before the fields, before the floods,
 " I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 " When he adorn'd the skies,
 " And built them, I was there,
 " To order when the sun should rise,
 " And marshal every star.
- 5 " When he pour'd out the sea,
 " And spread the flowing deep,
 " I gave the flood a firm decree
 " In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 " Upon the empty air
 " The earth was balanc'd well :
 " With joy I saw the mansion, where
 " The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 " My busy thoughts at first
 " On their salvation ran,
 " Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
 " Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 " Then come, receive my grace,
 " Ye children, and be wise ;
 " Happy the man that keeps my ways,
 " The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 26. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ our wisdom and righteousness.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ with his reviving light
 Over our souls arise !

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heaven ;
 But, in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God,
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 27. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Thy love and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer :
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 28. Common Metre Dr. Watts.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins ;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 And grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast ;
 I love th' Incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 29. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Christ appearing to his Church. Sol. Song ii. 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12, 13.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
 He shows the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue :
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 *The Jewish wintry state is gone,*
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle-dove, we hear,
Proclaims the new, the joyful year.
- 5 *Th' immortal vine, of heavenly root,*
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.
Lo, we are come to taste the wine :
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
Rise up, my love, make haste away,
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 30. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church.
Sol. Song iii. 2.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;

- Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold,
 5 Each following minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 'Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 Oh, that the mouths would roll away,
 And bring that coronation day !
 'The King of grace shall fill the throne,
 With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 31. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake my soul ; awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works out-done.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of thine hands :
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face !

Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 32. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.
- 2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?
- 5 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams:
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.]

HYMN 33. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing,
 Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right ;
 Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
 To him ascribe eternal might,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, *Amen.*

HYMN 34. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
 Behold, the dead awake, and live !
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
 And seal the mission of the Son ;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;
 He rises, and appears a God :
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 35. Long Metre. Dr. Watts' Miscellany.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ.

Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise,
 That e'er the God of love design'd,
 Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue :
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
 He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans ;
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
 The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see, the wonders of his power !
 He triumphs in his dying hour ;
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
 And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :
 Then he arose ; he reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
 The theme surmounts an angel's tongue ;
 How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
 When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

HYMN 36. Proper Metre. 143th. Dr. Doddridge.

The resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head :
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 " Hath left the dead ;
 " He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe, on which you dwell :
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead,
 " No more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God !
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

HYMN 37. Proper Metre. 148th. Rippon.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore !
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love :
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy ;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy ;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home ;
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice !

HYMN 38. Long Metre. Steele.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now, before his Father, God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts ;
 Above our fears, above our faults ;
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
 On him our humble hopes depend :
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 39. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amid his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 These are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son, shall take the book,
And open every seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys,
Of heaven, and death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 40. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the
creation. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 *Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :*
*Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.*
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 41. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 **O**H, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds his brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace !
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow ;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

- 3 [Princes to his imperial name,
 Bend their bright sceptres down ;
 Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice,
 To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Through every heavenly street,
 And lay their highest honours down
 Submissive at his feet.]
- 5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore ;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 6 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
 We long to leave our clay ;
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
 To bear our souls away.

HYMN 42. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Creation of the world. Gen. 1.

- 1 **N**OW let a spacious world arise,
 Said the Creator, Lord ;
 At once th' obedient earth and skies
 Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
 Confus'd, and drown'd the land :
 He call'd the light ; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
 The clouds ascend, and bear
 A watery treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
 Was gather'd by his hand ;
 The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave the solid land.

- 5 With herbs and plants (a flowery birth)
 The naked globe he crown'd,
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
 Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;
 Behold the sun appears ;
 The moon and stars in order rise,
 To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
 Did vital beings frame,
 The painted fowls of every wing,
 And fish of every name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
 At once their wond'rous birth,
 And grazing beasts, of various form,
 Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
 Though sovereign of the rest,
 Design'd for nobler ends than they,
 With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
 The young creation stood ;
 He saw the building from on high ;
 His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;
 But the new world of grace demands
 A more exalted song.

HYMN 43. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

A song to creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings :

- With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 44. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

God's goodness to the children of men. Psal. cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;

That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But Oh ! that brigher world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 45. Common Metre. Steele.

Creation and Providence.

1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air :
The meanest flies, the smallest worms
Almighty Power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear :
And Oh ! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;

By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blest.

7 Thy Providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend ;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8 On us that Providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays ;
Oh, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

HYMN 46. Common Metre. Addison.

The Traveller's Psalm.

1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 47. Common Metre. Steele.

Praise for the blessings of Providence and Grace.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind Guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care ;
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 [Around my path what dangers rose !
 What snares spread all my road !
 No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my Preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd my eye !
 How many past almost unknown,
 Or unregarded by.]
- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store ;
 But ah ! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine ;

That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 48. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Original sin ; or, The first and second Adam. Rom. v.
12, &c. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original ;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall !

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill :
What dreadful darkness veils our mind !
How obstinate our will !

3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state !)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat,
Iniquity and death.]

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins !

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root,
Will all the branches be ;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree ?]

- 6 What mortal power from things unclean
 Can pure productions bring !
 Who can command a vital stream
 From an infected spring ?
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love
 Can make our nature clean,
 While Christ and grace prevail above
 The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore
 The ruins of the first ;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
 That new creates our dust.

HYMN 49. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Indwelling sin lamented.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here, at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been ;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin.
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve :
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?

- 6 Break, sovereign grace, Oh, break the charm,
 And set the captive free ;
 Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 50. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,
 Infects our vital blood ;
 The only balm is sovereign grace,
 And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
 And we draw near to death ;
 But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
 With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage ;
 'Till God's own Son with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
 And solid good despise :
 Such is the folly of the mind,
 'Till Jesus makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
 We drink the poisonous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell ;
 But heaven prevents the fall.]
- 6 The man, possess'd among the tombs,
 Cuts his own flesh, and cries ;
 He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.

HYMN 51. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

An unconverted state ; or, Converting grace.

- 1 [**G**REAT King of glory and of grace,
 We own, with humble shame,

- How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace ;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
We love the distance well ;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd ?
Such natures made divine ?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 52. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Custom in sin.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives ;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves,
Wash out the darkness of their skin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control ;

None but a power divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.

- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine:
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 53. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The deceitfulness of sin.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 54. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Few saved; or, The almost christian, the hypocrite, and
apostate.*

- 1 **B**BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 *Deny thyself and take thy cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command!

Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 55. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;

Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 56. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near ;
While power and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines ;
Thy wonders here we trace ;
Wisdom through all the mysteries shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God !
And thine avenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 57. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

The riches of God's word.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, borne from shore to shore,
Her favourite god pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India, or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight.

The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold :
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here, light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet :
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supply'd :
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book deny'd.
- 6 For these inestimable gains
That so enrich the mind,
Oh, may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

HYMN 58. Common Metre. Steele.

The excellency and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;

And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 59. Long Metre. Beddome.

The Gospel of Christ.

1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul attracting charms displays ;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,

'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

HYMN 60. Long Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

The gospel is the power of God to salvation. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truth of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 61. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

A rational defence of the gospel.

- 1 **S**HALL *atheists* dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?

- Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood ?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults ?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin ?
The prize is most divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake ?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophet spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin ?
None should reproach the *Saviour's* name ;
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word ;
Nor ever shun those holy men,
Who fear and love the Lord.

HYMN 62. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Types and prophecies of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the woman's promis'd Seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the prophets all agree
To give him the superior room !
- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw !
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;

The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed.

HYMN 63. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his Almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice and live ;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me, doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 64. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The effusion of the Spirit; or, The success of the gospel.

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And power to kill and power to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

HYMN 65. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 **'T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
 The ancient prophets spoke his word:
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
 And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
 Confirm'd the messages they brought;

The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book :
'There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind :
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
'This is thy word and must endure.

HYMN 66. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom.
xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 **H**OW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed !
*I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all your need.*

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same :
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name,

HYMN 67. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;

- Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessing grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God ;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

HYMN 68. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ's invitation to sinners ; or Humility and pride.
Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 “ **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
“ Ye heavy laden sinners, came ;
“ I'll give you rest from all your toils,
“ And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me ;
“ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
“ But passion rages like the sea,
“ And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 “ Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
“ My yoke, and bear it with delight !
“ My yoke is easy to his neck,
“ My grace shall make the burden light.”
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 69. Common Metre. Steele.

The Saviour's invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain ;
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mery's voice ;
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 70. Long Metre. Steele.

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad :
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;

Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 71. Common Metre. Fawcett.

Let the wicked forsake his way, &c. Isaiah lv. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo !
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;

Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 72. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ's commission.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love,
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise his name.

HYMN 73. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*The apostles' commission; or, The gospel attested by my-
racles. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 “ **G**O preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
“ Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
“ He shall be sav’d, that trusts my word ;
“ And he condemn’d, that won’t believe.
- 2 “ [I’ll make your great commission known,
“ And ye shall prove my gospel true,
“ By all the works that I have done,
“ By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
“ Go cast out devils in my name ;
“ Nor let my prophets be afraid,
“ Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 “ Teach all the nations my commands,
“ I’m with you till the world shall end ;
“ All power is trusted in my hands,
“ I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 *He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.*

HYMN 74. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The book of God’s decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas’d before their God ;
Whate’er his sovereign voice has form’d
He governs with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought ;
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

- 3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
But's found in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb !

HYMN 75. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21—24.

- 1 [**B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessel as he please :
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his just decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use ?]
- 3 [May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still ?]
- 4 What if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure ?

- 5 What if he means to show his grace,
 And his electing love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heavenly joys ?
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
 Should dazzle and confound my sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world before his throne,
 With joy, or terror, shall confess
 The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 76. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 4—7.

- 1 [LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been !
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are sav'd by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
 And justify'd by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

HYMN 77. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honours given,
 He saves from hell (we bless his name,)
 He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abundant grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die :
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known ;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dy'd ; and in that dreadful night
 Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
 Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 78. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

God glorious and sinners saved. Isa. xlv. 23.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !

- Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms ;
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe ;
We love, and we adore ;
The first Archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 [When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross !
The triumph of his groans !]
- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 8 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 79. *Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne ;

Mercy and justice are the names

By which I will be known.

2 *Ye dying souls that sit*

In darkness and distress,

Look from the borders of the pit

To my recovering grace.

3 *Sinners shall hear the sound ;*

Their thankful tongues shall own,

Our righteousness and strength is found

In thee, the Lord, alone.

4 *In thee shall Israel trust,*

And see their guilt forgiven ;

God will pronounce the sinners just,

And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 80. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24.

2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 **C**HRIST and his cross are all our theme,

The mysteries that we speak

Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,

And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above

With joy receive the word ;

They see what wisdom, power, and love,

Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name

Restores their fainting breath ;

But unbelief perverts the same

To guilt, despair, and death.

4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,

Like showers of heavenly rain,

In vain Apollos sows the ground,

And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 81. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Regeneration. John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 82. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The new creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew :
*Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.*
- 2 *Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies ;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise !*
- 3 *I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make :
None but the new born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.*
- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
From my old state of sin ;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
 And mould my heart afresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell ;
 In the new world that grace has made,
 I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 83. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace
 The Father has bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 Our faith shall *Abba, Father*, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 84. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Christians the sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of Heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace:
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage;
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.
- 5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When through temptations they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply;
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee, Abba, Father! too.

- 9 So may my conduct ever prove
 My filial piety and love ;
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
 Their Father's likeness in my face.

HYMN 85. Common Metre. Cowper.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O**H, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 And light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 86. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,

If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 87. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 " **W**HERE are the mourners,"* saith the
Lord,

" That wait and tremble at my word,

" That walk in darkness all the day ?

" Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 " [No works, nor duties of your own,

" Can for the smallest sin atone ;

" † The robes that nature may provide,

" Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 " The softest couch that nature knows,

" Can give the conscience no repose :

" Look to my righteousness and live ;

" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 " Ye sons of pride that kindle coals,

" With your own hands, to warm your souls,

" Walk in the light of your own fire,

" Enjoy the spark that ye desire.

* *Isaiah* i. 10, 11.

† *Isaiah* xxviii. 20.

- 5 "This is your portion at my hands,
 "Hell waits you with her iron bands;
 "Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 "In death, in darkness, and despair."

HYMN 88. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christian virtue; or, The difficulty of conversion.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crouds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
 The mind and will renew'd,
 Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
 And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
 Where it prevails and rules;
 Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
 Lest they destroy our souls.]
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
 (That vile idolatry)
 And every member, every sense,
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint;
 We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord! can a feeble helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard?
 Thy grace must all my work perform,
 And give the free reward.

HYMN 89. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

Sins and sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 **O**H, that I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God!

- I'd spread my wants before his face
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 90. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Noah preserved in the ark, and the believer in Christ.

1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at th' Almighty's call
In what impetuous streams it fell !
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave ;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the lowering sky !

- 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.
- 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 7 Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is seen ;
There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

HYMN 91. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Perseverance desired.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood :
By ties, both nat'ral and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee !
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate ;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
Grace in the needful hour afford ;
Oh, steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
 And gather joy from all my tears :
 So shall I to the world proclaim
 The honours of the Christian name.

HYMN 92. Short Metre. Rippon.

Salvation by grace, from the first to last. Eph. ii. 5.

1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
 Harmonious to the ear !

Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
 In God's eternal book ;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow :
 'Twas Grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 93. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Fervency of devotion desired.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,

- Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys :
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
 In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 94. Long Metre. B—.

Prayer for the influences of the Spirit.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare ;
 Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 95. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The operation of the Holy Spirit.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Our wild imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 96. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16.

Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 **W**HYY should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness in my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 97. Long Metre. Rippon.

Influence of the Spirit.

- 1 **A**S showers on meadows newly mown,
 Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
 Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
 Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
 Have long been desolate and dry,
 Th' effusions of his love shall share,
 And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
 Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
 Are not so copious as that grace,
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence, vernal showers
 Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
 So in the secrecy of love,
 Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
 In holy silence of the mind ;
 While every grace maintains its bloom,
 Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
 To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
 'Till earth's wide wastes in verdure rise,
 And a young *Eden* bless our eyes.

HYMN 98. Long Metre. Steele.

The influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
 In such a wretched heart as mine!
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
 Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
 And hope almost expires in night,
 Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
 Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hopes for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires;
 Can it be less than power divine,
 Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thine Almighty word
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
 "I love my God, and taste his grace,"
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 99. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since thy precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins reviv'd again ;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 100. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !

- One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That, boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 101. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness; or, A complaint of ingratitude.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh ;
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes,
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 102. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
 Has wasted his estate,
 He begs a share amongst the swine,
 To taste the husks they eat !
- 2 *I die with hunger here, he cries,
 I starve in foreign lands ;
 My Father's house has large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.*
- 3 *I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 Fall down before his face :
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 Nor can deserve thy grace.*
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his Father's love ;
 The Father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
 For follies he had done.
- 6 *Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
 (The Father gives command ;)*

*Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.*

- 7 *A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound:
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost and now is found.*

HYMN 103. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, Formality in worship.
John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 104. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*A living and a dead Faith, collected from several
scriptures.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace,
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 105. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Characters of the children of God, from several scriptures.

- 1 **S**O new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the world relates ;

They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust ;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls in vice :
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quickening power
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face !

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong ;
Then shall I say, *My Father, God,*
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN 106. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Parting with carnal joys.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell ;
 Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
 And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
 Nor seek your friendship more ;
 The happiness that I approve
 Is not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing in this dull abode
 That suits my large desire ;
 To boundless joy and lasting good
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood
 From sin and dross refin'd,
 Still springing from the throne of God,
 And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
 The glorious and the great,
 Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
 To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd climb the heavenly road ;
 There sits my Saviour drest in love,
 And there my smiling God.

HYMN 107. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,
 But devils cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

HYMN 108. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The vanity of creatures; or, No rest on earth.

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires;
 'Tost to and fro his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind;
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns:
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 109. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave,
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 110. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled; or,
 The sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.*

- 1 **T**HERE was an hour when *Christ rejoic'd,*
 And spoke his joy in words of praise:
 "Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 "Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 "I thank thy sovereign power and love,
 "That crowns my doctrine with success:
 "And makes the babes in knowledge learn
 "The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

- 3 " But all his glory lies conceal'd,
 " From men of prudence and of wit ;
 " The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
 " And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 " Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
 " Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
 " 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
 " And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 " There's none can know the Father right,
 " But those who learn it from the Son ;
 " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
 " But where the Father makes him known."
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,
 That deals his graces as he please ;
 Nor gives to mortals an account,
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 111. Common Metre. Dr. Watts

Afflictions and death under providence. Job v. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance ;
 Yet we are born to cares and woes :
 A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne ;
 So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promis'd grace ;
 He rules me by his well known laws
 Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that ere I bore,
 Shall spoil my future peace,
 For death and hell can do no more
 Than what my Father please.

HYMN 112. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Holiness and Grace. Tit. ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 113. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 23—31.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, (away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;)
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 114. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Spiritual apparel, (viz.) the robe of righteousness, and garments of salutation. Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 **A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope in every grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 115. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—12.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
 Their faith and zeal declare ;
 All their religion is a dream,
 If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste ;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue ;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 'Though she endures the wrong.]
- 4 [She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time ;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbour's good ;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power,
 In all the realms above ;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

HYMN 116. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night,
 'Till we arrive at heaven, our home ;
 Faith is our guide and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 117. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord !
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain ;
 How small a portion of thy grace,
 My memory can retain !
- 3 [My hope, my portion, and my God,
 How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne !]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love !
 How negligent my fear !
 How low my hope of joys above !
 How few affections there !
- 5 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN 118. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Being in the fear of God all the day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HIRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day :
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Mid hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought :
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptation try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

- 8 In solid, pure delights, like these,
 Let all my days be past ;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 119. Long Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

Gravity and decency.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
 So dearly bought with Jesus' blood !
 Are they not born to heavenly joys,
 And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
 Were spirits of celestial kind
 Made for a jest, for sport and play,
 To wear out time, and waste the day ?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
 Well suit the honours of their birth ?
 Shall they be fond of gay attire,
 Which children love, and fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest,
 Peacocks and flies are better drest ;
 This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
 Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire ;
 Then with a heaven directed eye,
 We'll pass the glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below,
 With such disdain as angels do ;
 And wait the call that bids us rise
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN 120. Long Metre. Rippon.

Liberality ; or, The duty and pleasures of benevolence

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines
 Around the majesty of heaven !

- Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun ;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly ;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her counsellor and stay ;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move ;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

HYMN 121. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Love to our neighbour ; or, The good Samaritan.

Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know !
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 When thron'd above the skies ;
 And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground ;
 And shed the richest of his blood,
 A balm for every wound.

HYMN 122. Short Metre. Fawcett.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain,
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

HYMN 123. Short Metre. Beddome.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28.

1 **L**ET party-names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

HYMN 124. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 **N**OW, by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
 By his last groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war begone ;
 Envy and spite for ever cease ;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;

Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life ?

- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run :
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 125. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Pride lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd mine eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin ;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here, with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty, wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies ;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day ;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine ;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

HYMN 126. Common Metre. Newton.

Remembrance of happier days.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles ;
 The world no more could charm ;
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
 And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine ;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
 Of what his love had done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now an empty noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey :
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 Ob, come without delay !

HYMN 127. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints ; or, Earth and Heaven.

- 1 **L**ORD ! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply,
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy.

- 2 But piercing thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this weary land ;
Lord ! we would keep that heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet ;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]
- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]
- 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]
- 7 [By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road,
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Sion's hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.]
- 10 There, on the hills of life and peace,
Our raptur'd souls shall dwell,

Our toils recount, our Saviour bless,
And all his triumphs tell.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 128. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Backslidings, and returns ; or, The inconstancy of our love.

1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night ?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
Fondly I hope I ne'er shall lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thine arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so ;

Where will those wild affections roll
That let the Saviour go ?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 129. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Presumption and despair ; or, Satan's various temptations.

1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms ;
I hate his flattering breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, *how easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven ;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.

- 4 [He bids young sinners, yet forbear
To think of God or death ;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.
- 5 He tells the aged, *they must die,*
And 'tis too late to pray ;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down
 To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his power ;
 Let him in darkness dwell ;
 And that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 130. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wavering minds,
 And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

HYMN 131. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Comfort under sorrows and pains.

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
 And shew my name upon his heart ;
 I would forget my pains awhile,
 And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But Oh ! it swells my sorrows high,
 To see the blessed Jesus frown ;
 My spirits sink, my comforts die,
 And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
 Still, while he frowns, his bowels move ;
 Still on his heart he bears his saints,
 And feels their sorrows, and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;
 His book of life contains my name ;
 I'd rather have it there impress'd,
 Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
 Those letters shall securely stand,
 And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
 Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
 Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;
 My rising and my setting sun
 Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 132. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
 And triumph in my God ;

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
'The gates of gaping hell;
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd;
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode,
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud *Hallelujahs* shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 133. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The world's three chief temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,

- They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew :
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 134. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

God's presence is light in darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God ! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his !*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;

The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 135. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Doubts scattered ; or, Spiritual joys restored.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys :
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
'Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures, all divine,
When Jesus told me " I was his,
" And my beloved, mine !"
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain ;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 136. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Pleading with God under affliction.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul :
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
 My shipwreck'd soul is tost ;
 'Till I am tempted in despair,
 To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
 Once more to thee, my God :
 Oh, fix my feet upon a rock,
 Beyond the gaping flood !
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
 Will set my heart at ease ;
 One all-commanding word of grace,
 Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 137. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

God speaking peace to his people. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite
 In silence soft and sweet ;
 And thou, my soul, sit gently down
 At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
 Yet gladly I attend ;
 For lo ! the everlasting God
 Proclaims himself my Friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey ;
 The tempest at his word subsides,
 And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
 To grieve his love no more ;
 But, charm'd by melody divine,
 To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 138. Common Metre. Beddome.

Exhortations to confidence in God.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;
 Be mercy all your theme ;

Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell ;
God will these powers restrain ;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good,
He will for his provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 139. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The triumph of faith ; or, Christ's unchangeable love.
Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there :
 Who shall divide us from his love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
 He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
 And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power ;
 It triumphs in the dying hour :
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 140. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength. 2 Cor. xii.
 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day :
 Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there :
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,

When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

- 5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost ;
Shook his vile limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN 141. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The examples of Christ and the saints.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast :)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

HYMN 142. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The safety and protection of the church. Isa. xxvi.
1—6.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand ;

- Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears :
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low ;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour ;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 143. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men. Rev. xxi.
1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,

- The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode ;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye,
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, Oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 144. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

- 1 [BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]
- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the souls, that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;

They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Bless'd are the men, whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 [Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 145. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

*The blessedness of gospel times ; or, The revelation of
Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10.
Matt. xiii. 16, 17.*

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
H Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
" He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 146. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys ;
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles
Lie grovelling in the dust below :
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 147. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 148. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Heavenly joys on earth.

- 1 [**C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,

That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love :
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin :
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Ev'n now before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 149. Long Metre. Steele.

Happy poverty ; or, The poor in spirit blessed. Mat. v. 3.

1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more ;
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear ;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are *theirs* ; a kingdom *yours* :
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies :
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away :
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that dy'd for you ;
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer ;
Reveal, confirm my interest there :
Whate'er's my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know !
- 8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

HYMN 150. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.

- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known ;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd ;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God the blessed, deigns to love ?

HYMN 151. Short Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in the ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How strait the path appears !
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See *Salem's* golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his Name,
 Who marks the shining way ;
 To him, who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day.

HYMN 152. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God ;
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light ;
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven !
 And God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living head,
 And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man that dwells where *Jesus is*,
 Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 153. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The hope of Heaven our support under trials on earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 154. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay ;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 For Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He'll clothe them all afresh :
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thine unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 155. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Freedom from sin and misery in Heaven.

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas ! how strong they be !
 And, like a raging sea,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !
 How loud the tempests roar !
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move ;
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell,
 The wonders of his grace,
 'Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue ;
 And Jesus, and salvation, be
 The close of every song.

HYMN 156. Long Metre. Steele.

The presence of Christ, the joy of his people.

- 1 **T**HE wondering nations have beheld
 The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,

And Angels hail'd the glorious morn,
That shew'd the great Messiah born ;

2 The Prince ! the Saviour ! long desir'd,
Whom men foretold, by Heaven inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face ;
And oft have seen his glory shine,
With power and majesty divine :

4 But soon, alas ! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return ;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes ;

6 'Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant Hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

HYMN 157. Proper Metre. 143th. Dr. Doddridge.

At the formation of a Church.

Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19.

1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wond'rous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place :

How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer !

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne ;

For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause his own :
 Strangers no more, to thee we come,
 And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
 And love thy sacred name ;
 No more our own, but thine,
 We triumph in thy claim :
 Our Father King, thy covenant grace
 Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house, we feast
 On dainties all divine ;
 And, while such sweets we taste,
 With joy our faces shine :
 Incense shall rise from flames of love,
 And God approve the sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows :
 Indulgent still, 'till earth conspire
 To join the choir on *Zion's* hill.

HYMN 158. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Relieving Christ in his members. Matt. xxv. 40.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine !
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;

And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd ;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see ;
Oh, let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

HYMN 159. Long Metre. Dr. Gibbons.

The beneficence of Christ for our imitation. Acts x. 38.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank ;
Creation's blot, creation's blank :
- 4 But he, who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 160. Long Metre. Steele.

To whom shall we go but unto thee ? ; or, Life and safety in Christ alone. John vi. 67—69.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—

- And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from the Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee !—'tis death—'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie :
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 161. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

The institution of a gospel ministry from Christ. Eph. iv.
8, 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows ;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' *Apostles*, honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;

- In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and *Teachers* rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And fed by Christ their graces live :
 While, guarded by his potent hand,
 'Mid all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
 Through the last courses of the sun ;
 While unborn churches by their care
 Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,
 The Spring, whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and *People* shout his praise
 Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 162. Common Metre. Rippon.

Prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine ;
 And in thy works, by all behold,
 Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 'Till every tribe, and every soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 Oh, when shall *Afric's* sable sons
 Enjoy the heavenly word ;
 And vassals, long enslav'd, become
 The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* tribes,
 A dark, bewilder'd race ;

Sit down at our *Immanuel's* feet,
And learn, and see his grace ?

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove !

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise !

HYMN 163. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Retirement and meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess ;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
'Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 164. Long Metre. Beddome.

Reading the Scriptures.

1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe the sorrows of my mind.

- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page ;
Of threat'nings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.
- 3 And is there nought ? forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise ;
I'll search again, and while I search,
Oh, may the scales fall off mine eyes !
- 4 'Tis done ; and with transporting joy,
I read the Heaven-inspired lines ;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor ;
Here's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

HYMN 165. Long Metre. President Davies.

Self-examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise ?
What anxious fears and jealousies ?
What crowds in doubtful light appear ?
How few, alas, approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I ?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take ;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice, or in heart, appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus form'd, and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, in word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, Oh, search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove ; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

- 5 Scatter the clouds, which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear !

HYMN 166. Long Metre. Steele.

The Christian's noblest resolution. Josh. xxiv. 15.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain ;
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 Oh, be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
'Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN 167. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Family religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;

- From thee they spring, and, by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN 168. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Lord's day ; or, The resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose first opening rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King !

Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad *Hosannas* ring.]

HYMN 169. Long Metre. J. Stennett.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day that God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of severn.
- 3 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows !
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new ;
With praise, we think on mercies past ;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN 170. Proper Metre. 148th. Rippon.

A Hymn for Lord's day Morning.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band ;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd ;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And mid'st their shouts the God ascends.

3 " All hail, triumphant Lord !"
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart :
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN 171. Common Metre. B—.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's day.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;

We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine ;

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

HYMN 172. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Lord's day ; or, Delight in ordinances.

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 173. Short Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

The pleasures of social worship.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer-God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 174. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The benefit of public ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore ;

We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high ;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience pain'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father ! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side ;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 175. Short Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wond'rous is thy Name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame.
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,

Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew ;
Else all my worship's vain ;

This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,

And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 176. Long Metre. Rippon.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
See *Adam's* race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
That wond'rous work is all thine own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophecy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
"Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But, if thy Spirit deigns to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death ;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice :
- 5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN 177. Common Metre. Rippon.

Duties and privileges. Jude 20, 21.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame ;
- 2 Ye saints, preserv'd in Christ, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways ;
And on the basis of your faith
An heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day,
And while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God ;
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
'Till it ascend the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

HYMN 178. Proper Metre. 148th. B. Francis.

On opening a place of Worship.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days :
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine ;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine :

Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own :
Beneath this roof, Oh, deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

5 Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of Seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days ;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

HYMN 179. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Baptism. Matthew xxvii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 **T** WAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptize,
The nations have receiv'd the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,

- And sends his covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.
- 3 *Repent, and be baptiz'd, he saith,
For the remission of your sins ;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.*
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes our bodies clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord ;
Oh, may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record !

HYMN 180. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi.
14, 15, 33.*

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
*I'll be a God to thee ;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.*
- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God ;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !
Thine ancient truths embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 181. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Circumcision and Baptism.**(Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.)*

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

HYMN 182. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
'That we are buried with the Lord ;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again :
'The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 183. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*Faith assisted by sense ; or, Preaching, baptism, and the
Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word ;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, that stoops so low,
To give his word a seal ;
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 184. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

A practical improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **A**T TEND, ye children of your God ;
Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;

With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair ;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love ;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly ;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

HYMN 185. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 *This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food ;
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
'Tis the new covenant of my blood.*
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
And Justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,

When for black crimes of greatest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

6 *Do this (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend :
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.*

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 186. Common Metre. Steele.

An invitation to the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,

Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 187. Common Metre. Dr. J. Stennett.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace :
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place :—
- 2 I, that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God ;
I, that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 “ Eat, O my friends,” the Saviour cries,
“ The feast was made for you :
“ For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
“ And rose, and triumph'd too.”
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love :
’Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above ?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers :
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee :

Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 188. Long Metre. Steele.

Communion with Christ at his table.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around this board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

HYMN 189. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Communion with Christ and with saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 [**J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!]

- 3 This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and his members one ;
 We the young children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread ;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd
 His glorious name to raise :
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

HYMN 190. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*The New Testament in the blood of Christ ; or, The new
 covenant sealed.*

- 1 **T**HE promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good ;
 He said, and gave his soul to death,
 And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
 I set my worthless name ;
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
 And glory, shall be mine ;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,
 Which Jesus did bequeath ;

'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

- 5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 191. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ the bread of life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed ;
'Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies :
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays ;
But Christ, our life, shall come ;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 192. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16.

Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 193. Long Metre. D. Turner.

Set him above all principalities and powers—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory and blessing.
Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above these starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power ;
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down ;
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains, and all controls ;
Yet from his high exalted state,
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the son of man.
- 6 Here once in agonies he dy'd,
Now in the heavens he ever lives ;
Of joy *there* pours the eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail ! thou great Immanuel, hail !
Ten thousand blessings on thy name !
While thus thy wond'rous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.
- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King !
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation promis'd, bring ;
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise !

HYMN 194. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete ;
Nor man can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd, and died !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 195. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Divine love making a feast, and calling the guests.
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors ;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here in the language of a God
Divine compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ?

- 4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 “ And enter while there’s room ;
 “ When thousands make a wretched choice,
 “ And rather starve than come ?”
- 5 ’Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc’d us in ;
 Else we had still refus’d to taste,
 And perish’d in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN 196. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

*The song of Simeon, Luke ii. 23 ; or, A sight of Christ
 makes death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac’d our God,
 We would forget all earthly charms,
 And wish to die, as Simeon would,
 With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
 Were but our heart prepar’d like his ;
 “ Our souls still willing to be gone,
 “ And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 “ Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
 “ And view’d salvation with our eyes,
 “ Tasted and felt the living word,
 “ The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 “ Thou hast prepar’d this dying Lamb,
 “ Hast set his blood before our face,
 “ To teach the terrors of thy name,
 “ And shew the wonders of thy grace.

- 5 "He is our light; our Morning-star
 "Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
 "The glory of thine Israel here,
 "And joy of spirits near thy throne."

HYMN 197. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Divine glories and graces.

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd,
 Great God! how bright they shine,
 While, at thy word, we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine!
- 2 Here thine avenging justice stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause;
 Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
 Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace,
 On this great sacrifice;
 And love appears with cheerful face,
 And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
 To heaven directs her sight;
 Here every warmer passion meets,
 And warmer powers unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
 And rising sin destroy;
 Repentance comes with aching heart,
 Yet not forbids our joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
 Let sin for ever die;
 Then shall our souls be all delight,
 And every tear be dry.

HYMN 198. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

A Morning Hymn. Psal. xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,

- And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires, and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 199. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

An Evening Hymn. Psalm iv. 8, and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in thy name forbids my fear :
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 200. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A Morning Song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 201. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

An Evening Song.

- 1 [DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise ;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But Oh, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiply'd,
 Fast as the minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 202. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

A song for Morning and Evening. Lamentations iii. 23.

Isaiah xlv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 203. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A Hymn for Morning and Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand ;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power,
 That rais'd us with a word :
 And every day, and every hour,
 We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room ;
 We wake ; and we admire the bed,
 That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure,
 That we shall end the day ;
 For death stands ready at the door
 To take our lives away.

- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
 To God's avenging law ;
 We own thy grace, immortal King !
 In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings ;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
 Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 204. Short Metre. S—.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
 Pursues his shining way ;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
 Its heavenly Parent sing ;
 And to its great Original,
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
 Beneath his guardian care ;
 I slept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver near !
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
 This weak, defenceless frame ;
 But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am ?
- 5 Oh, how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God ?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice ;
 Cleans'd by the blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

HYMN 205. Long Metre. Rippon.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my evening song,
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise !
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gentle, rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus : his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 206. Common Metre. Rippon.

Summer—an Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy powers :
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;
 My tongue, his goodness sing ;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop ;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness ;
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop ;
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sow'd in hope.

HYMN 207. Common Metre. Steele.

Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round ;
 How bleak, how comfortless, the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart ;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
 How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness, cheerful day.

- 5 Oh, happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns ;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

HYMN 208. Long Metre. Rippon.

The seasons crowned with goodness. Psal. lxxv. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery Spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
 The Summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And Winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here, in thy house, let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 'Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 209. Long Metre. Rippon.
Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper-God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 210. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath given
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.]

- 3 The living know that they must die ;
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred, and their love, is lost ;
 Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work, is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 211. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue ;
 Taste the delights your souls desire,
 And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;
 Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know,
 There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
 His book records your secret faults ;
 The works of darkness you have done,
 Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due,
 Should strike your hearts with terror through ;
 How will ye stand before his face,
 Or answer for his injur'd grace ?

- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
 From these alluring vanities,
 And let the thunder of thy word
 Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 212. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

Advice to youth; or, Old age and death, in an unconverted state. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,
 Remember your Creator, God :
 Behold the months come hastening on,
 When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
 The soul, in agonies of pain
 Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name,
 Teach me to know how frail I am ;
 And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 213. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 **T**IME ! what an empty vapour 'tis,
 And days, how swift they are !
 Swift as the archer's arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste ;
 That we can never say, *They're here,*
 But only say, *They're past.*]

- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
And be his name ador'd.
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 214. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Early piety. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks !
How kind the promises he makes !
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown ;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begin to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
 In all the sorrows they endure ;
 Tender and gracious is his heart,
 His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail
 Between the powers of grace and sin ;
 He kindly listens while they tell
 The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
 They know not how the strife may end ;
 Yet he will soon the cause decide,
 And judgment unto victory send.

HYMN 215. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

The encouragement young persons have to seek Christ.
 Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain ;
 "And those that early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

HYMN 216. Long Metre. Dr. Watts' Sermons.

A lovely youth falling short of heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due ;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now ?
- 3 But mark the change : thus spake the Lord,
“ Come, part with earth for heaven to-day ! ”
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here !
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold !
Must this base world be bought so dear ?
And life and heaven so cheaply sold ?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me ;
Transform my soul, O love divine !
And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN 217. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, eternal Name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame ;
What dying worms are we !

- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves the small number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless wo
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 218. Short Metre. Fawcett.

How shall a young man cleanse his way. Psal. cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
Oh, make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;

O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5 Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

HYMN 219. Long Metre. President Davies.

*National judgments deprecated, and national mercies
pleaded. Amos iii. 1—6.*

1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword ;
Oh, whither shall the helpless fly !
To whom but thee direct their cry !

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears ;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
 Before thy throne of grace we fall ;
 And is there no deliverance there ?
 And must we perish in despair ?
- 4 See we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken God we turn ;
 Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God ;
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood ;
 We plead thy gracious promises,
 And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless wo ;
 Let them prevail to save us too.

HYMN 220. Long Metre. Steele.

Praise for national peace. Psalm xli. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ,
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their power ;
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !)
 Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore ;
 Oh, may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

HYMN 221. Common Metre. Rippon.

Thanksgiving for victory over our enemies.

- 1 **T**O thee, who reign'st supreme above,
 And reign'st supreme below,
 Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
 We our successes owe.
- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
 Without thine aid were vain ;
 And victory flies at thy command
 To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
 When we our foes assail'd ;
 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers,
 Into our hands are given,
 Not from desert, or strength of ours,
 But through the grace of heaven.
- 5 What though no columns lifted high,
 Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
 Yet sounding honours to the sky
 Our grateful tongues shall raise.
- 6 To our young race will we proclaim
 The mercies God has shown ;
 That they may learn to bless his name,
 And choose him for their own.

- 7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
 When threatening dangers come,
 Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
 Their refuge and their home.

HYMN 222. Common Metre. Leech.

For a time of general sickness.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
 Now hastens to his arms;
 In awful state he takes the field,
 And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
 And wait his dread command;
 And pains, and dying groans obey
 The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he scatters round
 His shafts of deadly power;
 While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
 Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
 Nor let your fears prevail;
 Eternal life is your reward,
 When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
 Deal fatal plagues around;
 And heaps of putrid carcases
 O'erload the cumber'd ground:
- 6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
 Were given him from above,
 Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
 And wing'd with grace and love.
- 7 These, with a gentle hand, he throws,
 And saints lie gasping too;
 But heavenly strength supports their souls,
 And bears them conquerors through.

- 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
 And all in triumph rise
 To the fair palace of their God,
 And mansions in the skies.

HYMN 223. Common Metre. Steele.

Desiring the presence of God in affliction.

- 1 **T**HOU only Centre of my rest,
 Look down with pitying eye,
 While with protracted pain oppress,
 I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
 My every wish contains ;
 With this, beneath affliction's load,
 My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
 Gild each dark scene with light ;
 This is the sunshine of the soul,
 Without it all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, Oh, cheer my heart
 With thy reviving ray,
 And bid these mournful shades depart,
 And bring the dawn of day !
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight !
 Where thy full beams impart
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,
 And rapture to the heart.
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
 My spirit longs to know ;
 My wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee !
 Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
 I shall for ever be.

- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 224. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd ; but I resign
 My body to thy will ;
 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
 Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are thy ways of providence,
 While they who love thee, groan ;
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
 Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her God,
 Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
 Give my poor spirit ease ;
 While every groan my Father hears,
 And every tear he sees.
- 5 [How shall I glorify my God,
 In bonds of grief confin'd ?
 Damp'd is my vigour, while this clod
 Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
 With peace upon its wings ?
 Give it, O God, thy swift command,
 With all the joys it brings.

HYMN 225. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Praise for recovery from sickness. Psal. cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In every chastening stroke ;

- And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cry'd,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath ;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN 226. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The song of Simeon ; or, Death made desirable. Luke
ii. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
Oh, make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child ;

- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
 " Behold thy servant dies ;
 " I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 " And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 " This is the light prepar'd to shine
 " Upon the Gentile lands,
 " Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
 " To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus ! the vision of thy face,
 Hath over-powering charms !
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
 How sweet my minutes roll !
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 227. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The death of a sinner.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll !
 Damnation and the dead ;
 What horrors seize my guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Linger about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
 'Till, like a flood, with rapid force
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains ;
 Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their past guilt atones,
 Nor the compassion of a God,
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bade my soul remove,
 'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
 And well insur'd his love !

HYMN 228. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Death and eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
 Converse a while with death ;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lips hang feebly down,
 His pulse is faint and few ;
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, Oh, the soul that never dies !
 At once it leaves the clay !
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And trace its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphant there ;
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear, faithful hand,
 My naked soul I trust ;
 My flesh shall wait for thy command,
 And drop into my dust.

HYMN 229. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 230. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes ;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *for ever* there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face ;
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,
 And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,
 That promis'd heaven to me,
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,
 Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day :
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

HYMN 231. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A thought of death and glory.

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow gaping tomb :
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead ;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead :
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load ;
 And long for evening to undress,
 That we may rest with God.]

- 6 We would almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come,
 And pray, and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

HYMN 232. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A funeral thought.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 My ears attend the cry ;
 " Ye living men, come view the ground,
 " Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 " In spite of all your towers !
 " The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 " Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 233. Common Metre. Needham.

The rich fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls ! who think to find
 A solid bliss below :
 Bliss ! the fair flower of Paradise,
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
 T' increase his worldly store ;
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,
 And covets room for more.

- 3 "What shall I do?" distress he cries;
 "This scheme will I pursue;
 "My scanty barns shall now come down,
 "I'll build them large and new.
- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 "My soul to take its ease;
 "Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
 "Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
 'Th' Almighty made reply:
 "For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
 "This night thyself shalt die."
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream;
 And may I seek my bliss alone,
 In thee, the good Supreme!

HYMN 234. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

Death and eternity.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sovereign, death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here,*
 His trophies spread around!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
 How loathsome to the eyes;
 These are the heads we lately knew
 So beauteous and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls, those deathless things,
 That left their dying clay?

* *Bunhill Fields.*

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

- 5 Oh, that unfathomable sea !
Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves ;
While the pale carcass breathless lies
Among the silent graves.
- 7 “ Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,
“ Then come the joyful day ;
“ Come, death, and some celestial band,
“ To bear our souls away.”

HYMN 235. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
These gloomy doubts that rise,

And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 236. Short Metre. Dr. Watts.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

1 **A**ND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?

And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord ! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 237. Long Metre. Fawcett.

The death of the sinner and the saint.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise :
Mount *Sinai's* thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow ; he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror, dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy *Canaan* near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

HYMN 238. Proper Metre. 148th. Toplady's Collection.

The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take ;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are ;
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord ;

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend ;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love ;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
Rejoice with all the sanctify'd.

5 Rejoice, in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers
In glorious joy to live ;
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
To reign in peace and light divine.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found ;
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 239. Common Metre. Rippon.

Victory over death through Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious leader nigh !
 My Lord, my Saviour lives !
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 He met the tyrant's dart,
 And (O amazing power of love !)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
 Thy universal sway ;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night is chang'd to day.
- 5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee :
 Accept the sacred trust ;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust :
- 6 'Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb ;
- 8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays,
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,
 In everlasting song.

HYMN 240. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

*The presence of God worth dying for ; or, The death of
Moses.* Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This *Gabriel* knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue ;
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace,
The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God !
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wond'rous prophet try'd ;
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die ;"
The prophet climb'd, and dy'd.
- 6 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things :
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

HYMN 241. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

Children dying in their infancy in the arms of Jesus.
Matt. xix. 14.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face ;
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 " I take these little lambs," said he,
 " And lay them on my breast ;
 " Protection they shall find in me,
 " In me be ever blest.
- 4 " Death may the bands of life unloose,
 " But can't dissolve my love ;
 " Millions of infant souls compose
 " The family above.
- 5 " Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 " And mould with heavenly skill ;
 " I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 " And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine ;
 Dear Saviour, all we have, and are,
 Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN 242. Common Metre. Steele.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh, may this truth, imprest
 With awful power,—I too must die,—
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour ;
 To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch, and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 243. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

*Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of
 their Children. Isa. lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie ;
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Though your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 " In mine own house a place ;
 " No names of daughters and of sons
 " Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 " Transient and vain is every hope
 " A rising race can give ;
 " In endless honour and delight
 " My children all shall live."

- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
 Prepare a way for thee.

HYMN 244. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Submission under bereaving Providences. Psal. xli. 10.

- 1 **P**EACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand
 A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father he,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
 With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for every brow ;
 And shall rebellious passions rise,
 When he corrects us now ?
- 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
 We kiss the scourging hand ;
 And yield our comforts, and our life,
 To his supreme command.

HYMN 245. Long Metre. S—.

Satisfaction in God under the loss of dear Friends.

- 1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh ;

- When his own children fall around ;
 When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
 Should with our mourning passions blend :
 Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
 Th' almighty, ever living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
 O'er every gloomy fear prevail,
- 4 Parent and Husband, Guard, and Guide,
 Thou art each tender name in one ;
 On thee we cast our every care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
 Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend ;
 And on thy covenant love and truth,
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 216. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

Comfort under the loss of Ministers.

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry ;
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade ;
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Be number'd with the dead !
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd
 And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart ;

His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide ;
"For I will ne'er forsake mine own,
"Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 247. Common Metre. Rippon.

*The bodies of the saints quickened and raised by the
Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust ?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord, our Saviour, die,
And triumph o'er the grave ?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save ?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints ?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints ?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud ;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me ;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
 Your hymns of victory sing ;
 And let his dying servants trust
 Their ever-living King.

HYMN 248. Common Metre. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ;
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
 Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades !
 The dawn of heaven appears ;
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around ;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " *Ye dead arise !*"
 And lo, the graves obey ;
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the mid-way air ;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.
- 6 Oh, may our humble spirits stand
 Among them cloth'd in white !
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing !

HYMN 249. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The last Judgment. Rev. **xxi.** 5—8.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God
 Fills a majestic throne,
 While from the skies his awful voice
 Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 “ [I am the first, and I the last,
 “ Through endless years the same ;
 “ I AM, is my memorial still,
 “ And my eternal name.
- 3 [“ Such favours as a God can give,
 “ My royal grace bestows ;
 “ Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
 “ Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 “ [The saint that triumphs o’er his sins,
 “ I’ll own him for a son ;
 “ The whole creation shall reward
 “ The conquests he has won.
- 5 “ But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
 “ And all the lying race,
 “ The faithless, and the scoffing crew
 “ That spurn’d at offer’d grace ;
- 6 “ They shall be taken from my sight,
 “ Bound fast in iron chains,
 “ And headlong plung’d into the lake,
 “ Where fire and darkness reigns.”]
- 7 Oh, may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled !
 And hear the Judge pronounce my name
 With blessings on my head !
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell,
 Who here were my delight ;
 While sinners, banish’d down to hell,
 No more offend my sight.

HYMN 250. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

*God the thunderer; or, The last Judgment, and hell.**

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore;
 Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
 Stand trembling at his power!
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne;
 There all the stores of lightning lie,
 'Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
 And from his awful tongue
 A sovereign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And send his wrath abroad!
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do!
 He once defied the Lord;
 But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel worm;
 And beat upon his naked soul,
 In one eternal storm.

HYMN 251. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

A happy resurrection.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more;
 But with a cheerful voice, resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave
 These dying, withering limbs of mine.

** Made in a great storm of thunder, August the 20th, 1697.*

- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust ;
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies ;
Bring that delightful, dreadful day !
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come ;
Thy lingering wheels how long they stay !
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.]
- 5 [Haste then, upon the wings of love ;
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumphs of the day.]

HYMN 252. Long Metre. Rippon.

The books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come ;
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous, or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine ;
No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my soul approve ;
 There may I read my name enroll'd,
 And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 253. Short Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.

Matt. xxv. 41.

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound ;
 And through the numerous guilty throng
 Spread black despair around ?

3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
 " To everlasting flame,
 For rebel angels first prepar'd,
 " Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day ;
 When earth and heaven, before his face,
 Astonish'd, shrink away ?

5 But, ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead ;
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread !

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

HYMN 254. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge.

The final sentence, and happiness of the righteous.

Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven ;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven :
- 3 “ Bless’d of my Father, all draw near,
“ Receive the great reward ;
“ And rise, with raptures to possess
“ The kingdom love prepar’d.
- 4 “ Ere earth’s foundations first were laid,
“ His sovereign purpose wrought,
“ And rear’d those palaces divine,
“ To which you now are brought.
- 5 “ There shall you reign unnumber’d years,
“ Protected by my power ;
“ While sin and death, and pains and cares,
“ Shall vex your souls no more.”
- 6 Come, thou majestic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim ;
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a Name.

HYMN 255. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

The last Judgment.

- 1 “ **H**E comes ! he comes ! to judge the world,”
Aloud th’ archangel cries ;
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes ;
The slumbering tenants of the ground,
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge, in solemn pomp, descends,
Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow ;
His eyes a fiery flame ;
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell :
Lo ! in his hand the Conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell.
- 6 Lo ! he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom ;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 " Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries ;
While the long-kindling wrath within,
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace :
- 10 " Well done, my good and faithful sons,
" The children of my love ;
" Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
" Prepar'd for you above."

HYMN 256. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Hope of Heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
'Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 257. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Assurance of Heaven ; or, A saint prepared to die.

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 [**D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me,
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design ;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

HYMN 258 Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 3.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward,

HYMN 259. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

The Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 **T**HESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now we approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his throne;
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs
 Adore the holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Among his saints reside;
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast;
 The fruit of life's immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
 Where living fountains rise;
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 260. Common Metre. Dr. Watts.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see, or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 261. Long Metre. Dr. Watts.

The sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 Oh, for a sight, a blissful sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light ;
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount, to dwell above,
 And stand, and bow, and worship there,
 And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

HYMN 262. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett.

The promised land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow ;
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?

- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Can here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 263. Common Metre. Rippon.

The everlasting song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long ;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits ;
 The God, how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around ;
 And move, and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
 Jesus, thy love they sing ;
 Jesus, the life of all our joys,
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run ;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead of the Son !
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play ;
 And bring the Father's Equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !
 (The God resides within ;)
 His flesh all pure without a stain ;
 His soul without a sin.

- 8 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
Silent their harps abide :
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God, that lov'd, and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord :
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here ;
And so my soul should rise :
Oh, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !
- 12 There ye, that love my Saviour, sit ;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

END OF THE HYMNS.

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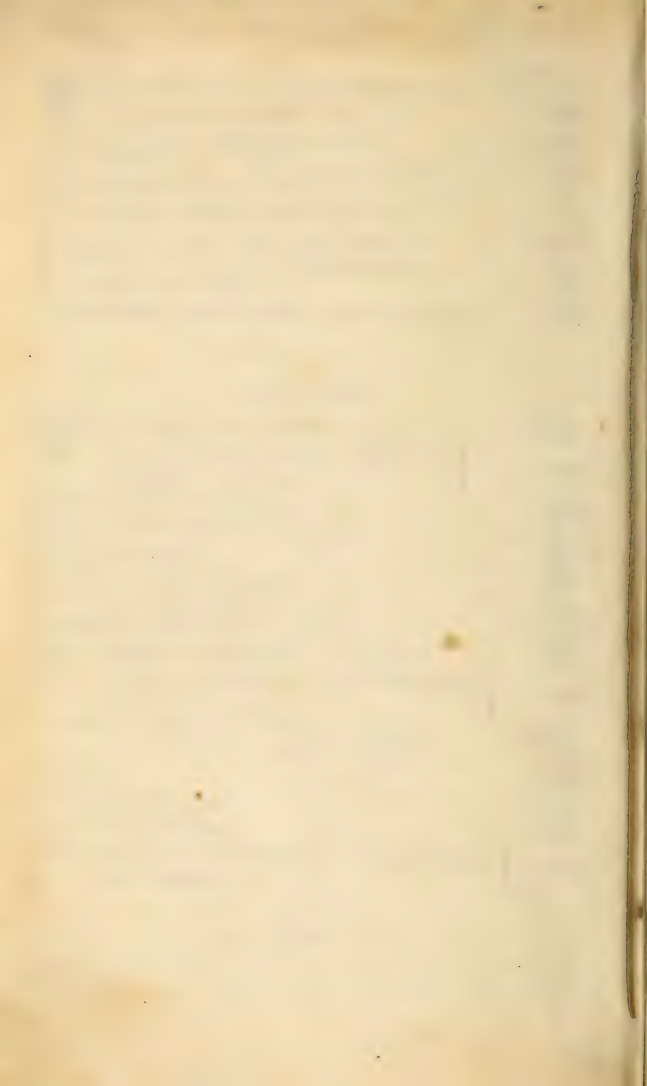
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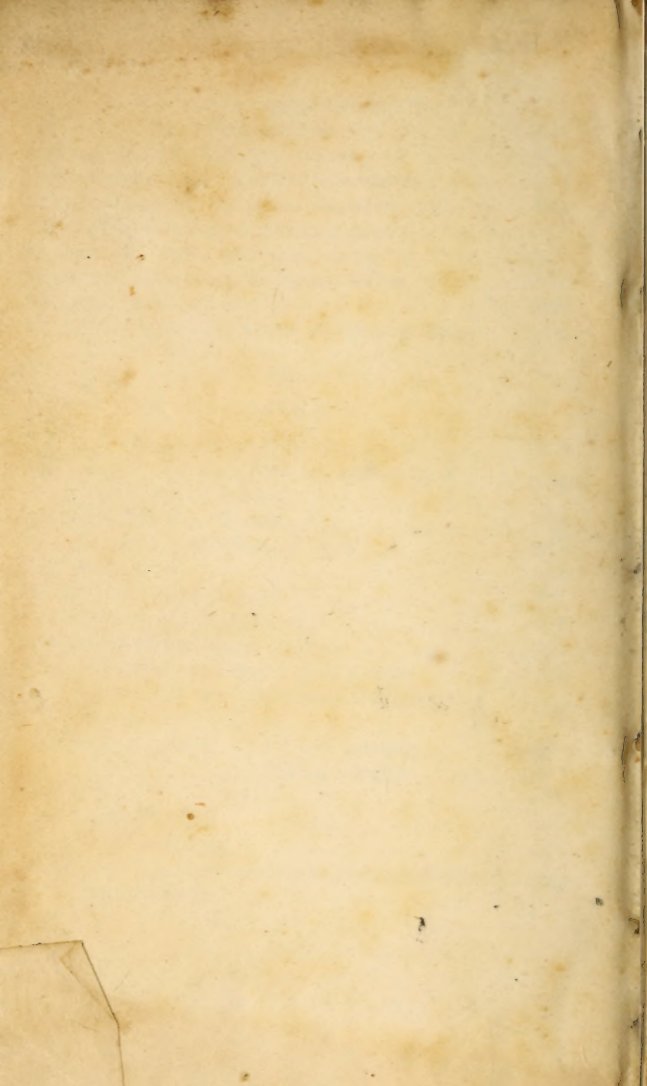
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